

Dream is a Good Boy (DreamNotFound)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28070400) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28070400>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF , Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Subspace , Dom/sub , Top!George , bottom!dream , Lost Bet , Betting , George is a good dom , Explicit Sexual Content , Explicit in later chapters , Masturbation , Phone Sex , online sex , Online Domination , Anal Fingering , Anal Play , Dildos , Top GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Service Submission , Service Kink , Blow Jobs , gagging , Gagging on Cock , dildo blowjob , Scratching , Neck Kissing , neck biting , Biting , Bondage , Handcuffs , Hand Jobs , Rope Bondage , Prostate Massage , Overstimulation , Edging , Multiple Orgasms , Orgasm Delay , Orgasm Control , Come Swallowing , Rough Sex , Face-Fucking , Deepthroating , Marking , hickey , Touch-Starved , Sensuality , sensual domination , Touch Denial , safe word , red/yellow/green , Check In , cold play , Temperature Play , glass dildo , Cold Glass Dildo , Love Confessions , Aftercare , Aural Kink , auralism , Whisper Kink , Blindfolds , Sensory Deprivation , Fingernails , Bruises , Honorifics , Pet Names , mild exhibitionism , Hair-pulling , playing with hair , BDSM , Praise Kink , Fluff , Fluff and Smut
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Dream Team SMUT fics
Collections:	MCYT , dsmp fics !!! , LadyRaphael's Favorite Stories
Stats:	Published: 2020-12-15 Completed: 2020-12-29 Chapters: 9/9 Words: 32106

Dream is a Good Boy (DreamNotFound)

by [Fetish Ball \(arsenicarose\)](#)

Summary

Dream loses a bet, and now he has to do whatever George says, but why does he like being bossed around so much?

(AKA George accidentally dominates Dream through Minecraft, and Dream likes it... a lot.)

THIS WORK IS 18+ ONLY!!! MINORS DO NOT INTERACT.

Notes

Hey! In case it was unclear, George is a TOP/DOM in this piece, all the way through. :) He doesn't bottom/sub to Dream. :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The Bet

Dream sat in front of his computer, feeling defeated. Why couldn't he have just bet money? Or in game items? Or something *normal* ?

George was laughing maniacally over the remains of Sapnap's body, items sprayed everywhere. "I won! I actually won!"

"WHAT?" Dream repeated, "You never beat Sapnap! How did you manage to kill him the *one* time I make a weird bet?!"

"Determination, I guess." George was still laughing, and even Sapnap had to join in.

"Never bet something you don't want to lose, dude," Sapnap chimed in, running between the two avatars to grab his stuff. "Hey, where's my shovel."

"Oh, I think I have it," George answered, "Here."

"Wait, Sapnap... Did you throw? Did you lose on purpose?" Dream demanded.

"No, dude, honestly I didn't!"

"Then why is George being so nice to you? He actually dropped you the shovel instead of rotten flesh or some other bullshit?"

"Just because he lost fair and square doesn't mean it wasn't a nice gift to give me, Dream." George's tone was so smug. "Besides, we have to do nice things for our friends, don't we?"

"Yeah, Dream!" Sapnap was practically dying. He knew what was coming next.

"Now, I believe the terms of the bet were that you had to do *whatever* I say for two twelve hour periods."

Dream sighed. "Whatever you say, within reason, George."

"Yeah, of course," he replied, sounding slightly dejected, "So should we make a word that means that you actually won't do something? Because I imagine you are going to protest quite a bit."

The stream was going absolutely *wild* by this point. It was just a wall of confused screaming, references to various DreamNotFound fics, and "clip it!!"

"Like a safeword?" Sapnap asked, feigning innocence, as if he didn't know what it would do to the watchers.

"Yes, Sapnap, exactly like a safeword!"

Dream could actually punch George, even if it was a good point. "How about 'dox'"

"Ah, good to see you participating, Dream. Yes, 'dox' is a fine safeword. Good boy!"

The chat was even more electric now, but Dream couldn't actually see what they were saying. It was moving so fast that it was just a blur of messages. Occasionally, a random word would pop out at him, like "George" or "Dream" or "ship," but it was mostly unreadable.

George was loving it, though. The grin split his face in half, and he was having trouble stopping the laughter that kept bubbling back up. Dream didn't get to see him this happy often, and it made him feel good. For a moment, he almost thought that George looked cute, all red and mussed from amusement, but that would have been ridiculous to think.

"So, I assume we are starting now, then?" Dream asked, after giving George a moment to calm down.

"Oh no, of course not! I'm going to bed soon, and you know it. That's why the bet was two 12 hour periods instead of one 24 hour period. We'll start tomorrow when you get up."

He almost asked the next part out loud, but thought better of it, instead messaging George, *On stream?*

George started typing immediately. Dream could hear the flurry of keys through the teamspeak, and it made him anxious.

Yeah, at least to start! I mean, we can't say this on stream and promise it happened off stream. I promise to go easy on you.

A moment passes, and, with a devious grin, George starts typing again.

Sorry, typo! I promise not to go easy on you. >:)

What had Dream gotten himself into?

~~~

The next day, Dream woke up to a text from George. It had been sent hours before, as if his friend couldn't wait to boss him around.

*Good morning! Whenever you reply to this message, the twelve hours will start. Reply when you are ready, but don't wait too long! I intend to keep you for the full 12 hours. >:)*

With a huge sigh, Dream got out of bed. He wanted to make sure he was ready for anything, so he made himself some food, took a shower, relieved himself, and got into some comfortable clothes. It looked like today was going to be a long day.

Once he was all settled in, he texted George a simple, *Good morning.*

*Hello Dream! Come onto the SMP and join the teamspeak. I'll be starting my stream soon.*

Without hesitation, Dream was logging in everywhere, multitasking to load both simultaneously, so he could get online faster. It was only after he saw the yellow splash text on the minecraft logo did he pause to wonder: why was he trying to get online so fast? Why wasn't he stalling?

That thought was interrupted by George's voice, whispered right into his ears. "Hello, Dream. Thank you for getting here so quickly."

A shudder went down his spine involuntarily. What? "Hey, George."

"Dream, are you ready to do whatever I say for the next 12 hours?"

“Well, I suppose I don’t have a choice...”

George paused for a moment. “If you really don’t want to, I won’t make you.”

“No, no, it’s fine, honestly. I made a bet, and I intend to keep it, especially since the entire internet has seen it by now.”

George’s camera switched on, revealing his huge grin. “Wonderful!”

George left Dream be for a little while, standing next to him on the server, while he did his intro. Dream just stood, patiently and quietly, until George was done.

Dream realized quite suddenly, he should have been running, trying to get away, but it hadn’t even occurred to him.

“Now, Dream.”

“Yes, George?”

“I want to build a new vacation home, but I don’t want to have to get the supplies myself. Go get me two stacks of dark oak logs.”

Really? That was all? Tame start, but fair enough. “Of course, George, anything for you,” he cooed sarcastically.

“Keep your tone in check,” George retorted instantly. His tone was sharp and biting.

Something about the way he said it made Dream feel bad. “Sorry, George, I’ll be back soon.”

“See, I knew you could be good. Now go, and mute/deafen. I’m going to be busy.”

Dream thanked every star that George couldn’t see him right now. His face grew hot immediately, and he knew, in that moment, that he wanted to be good for George. The thought filled him with feelings of potential comfort and praise, but he shoved it aside. This was not the time to be a simp.

Without another word, he ventured off into the woods, looking for the dark oak forest off the main path. The order was simple enough, and it was kind of relaxing. He had a very specific goal, but it was an easy one, and he was doing it for... someone special.

It only took him a little while to get the necessary wood, plus like 10 extra logs, and replant all the trees. With logs in hand, he unmuted and undeafened.

“George?”

“Yes, Dream, what is it?”

“I have your logs?”

“Oh, right! Yes, perfect. Come to the castle.”

~~~

George was sitting on the throne in the castle when Dream arrived, looking very regal. He was even wearing his MCC crown.

"I brought your logs!" Dream said. For some reason, he found himself sneaking as he walked towards the throne, head bowed.

"You may rise, peasant," George said, only just managing to get it out before he burst out laughing. "Anyway, give them to me."

Dream dropped the two stacks from his inventory, electing to keep the 10 extra he had gotten.

After they popped into George's inventory, he examined them for a moment, making sure there really were 2 full stacks, before saying, "You did such a good job, Dream."

Dream's heart soared, and he replied, in earnest, "Thank you, George," before he could stop himself.

George was silent for a moment, weighing the options in his head, before a grin took over his features. "I don't think I like you calling me George. Too informal. I think you should call me "Sir" instead."

Dream's breath hitched, and he had to steady himself for a moment. Were they really doing this? How far would they be able to take the fan service before it became a real problem? (And was George doing this just for fun, or did he know what he was doing?)

"Dream...?" George's voice was unsure, as if he had gone too far.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Yes, Sir."

George's smile was back with a vengeance now. He was definitely enjoying this too much, but then so was Dream. "Good boy, Dream. Good boy."

Fuck, that felt good.

"Thank you, Sir."

"Now, Dream, when you got me the wood, did you happen to pick up any extras?"

"Yes, Sir, I did."

"Good. Drop that for me too, will you?"

Without a thought, Dream dropped the extra logs in front of George.

"Ah, yes, thank you, Dream. Now, what did I ask you to do for me?"

"You asked me to get two stacks of dark oak logs."

"Good! That's correct. But if I am seeing this correctly, you didn't get me that many. You got me 10 extra logs. I wanted *exactly* 128, but you got me 138!" With that, George dropped all the wood to the ground and lit it on fire. "Now, I want you to go out and get me *exactly* 128 dark oak logs. When you bring them over to me, I don't want a single over or under."

Dream was absolutely stunned for a moment. What the hell was George's problem? Why would *more* wood even be an issue? Why had George lit it on *fire*? His friend's expression told Dream that he wasn't actually mad by the extra wood, so why? Just to mess with him?

Instead of asking any of this out loud, he responded with a simple, “Yes, Sir.” As he ran back into the woods, he wondered why he hadn’t fought the ridiculous command.

~~~

When Dream got the last of the logs, he was only half way done with the tree. He didn’t want to leave it half chopped, but he didn’t want those logs in his inventory either. Eventually, he settled on cutting the extra logs and lighting them on fire, as George had done.

He felt silly doing all of this, but there was something really appealing about having a clear goal in mind, even if George could change it arbitrarily.

He went back to the castle, as George had said, and found George sitting on the throne, chatting with the people around him. Dream rejoined the voice channel and shifted before George, as close to a bow as he could get.

“Sir, I have gathered your logs.”

“Give them to me, then.”

Dream approached, still shifting, and dropped the two stacks.

“Send me a screenshot of your inventory on Discord.”

When the message sent, George’s voice was all honey and pride. “Oh, you did so well, Dream! You’re so good at following directions.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“You know something, Dream? I don’t think I like you in full netherite. Too intimidating, especially for a servant of the king.”

Dream took off all his armor immediately. “I’m so sorry to intimidate you, Sir.”

“I expect you in leather armor when I see you next. Can’t have you running around nude like that. Now, I need some cobble. Four stacks.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Oh, and Dream? Make the armor my favorite color. You know what it is right?”

“Of course, Sir.”

And so Dream went back out. He found enough leather for full armor, dyed it blue, and put all of it on. Then, he spent a good while carefully mining exactly enough cobblestone for George. He felt almost like he was in a kind of trance. The only thing that mattered was getting the next thing for George, pleasing his Master. Anything he wanted.

When Dream returned with the exact amount of cobble requested and blue armor. He felt a little listless, like he had been cast out to sea, but George brought him back. “You’ve done so very well for me, Dream. You are such a good boy, aren’t you?”

“Thank you, Sir,” Dream beamed. The praise brought him back into his head a bit, and he basked in it.

For the next hour or so, George had Dream doing random tasks around the server. Sometimes, it was collecting a resource, sometimes, it was demanding that Dream hand over some stocks of diamonds, emeralds, and netherite, and a couple times, it was to kill players who George felt like having killed. Through it all, Dream felt good, really good, but in a weird way. Everything was about George, what George wanted, and Dream wanted to make him happy. Every single, “Good boy!” was what he lived for. He would make George so proud.

~~~

“What else can I make you do,” George asked, to no one in particular, while Dream shifted in front of him. “You’ve been doing really well so far, and I really appreciate it, but I don’t want to run out of fun things to do before our time is up.

Dream couldn’t think of any ideas, though, honestly, Dream couldn’t really think at all by that point.

Just then, a dono came through. “I can’t believe that George has the opportunity to make Dream do *whatever* he wants, and he’s not making him send a face pic. This is your chance!”

“Come on, guys,” George chided, “Dream is still our friend, and friends respect friend’s boundaries, even when making them do chores. We don’t just tell our friend’s, ‘Send me a picture of your face,’ especially when we know they are uncomfortable with it.”

Just then, George’s phone buzzed. A new snap from Dream, a picture message. George’s eyes went wide as he realized what he had done. After a moment of confusion, it hit him. Poor Dream.

“Alright everyone, with that lecture, I think the stream is done for now. I know Dream has to do whatever I say for 12 hours, but we’ve been going for a little while now. I was never going to actually hold him to full 12, but we might do some more streams like this in the future! Have a good night everyone!”

The chat was confused by the sudden departure, since George usually stretched the end of a stream out for as long as he could, with waves and goodbyes, but he didn’t give them much time to question it. The stream shut off, and George moved them both into a private teamspeak, while the people in the voice chat wondered what was going on.

When George was sure they were alone, he murmured, “Hey, Dream, sweetie. You alright?”

“Yes, I am good, Sir.” His voice was a little monotonous.

“Baby, did you just send me a face picture right now?”

“Yes, Sir. I did as you asked.”

Oh. Oh dear. “Dream, have you ever been in subspace before?”

“Subspace? What’s that?”

Oh fuck. “Okay, okay. Um... Alright, Dream, here’s what I need you to do for me, okay? I want you to touch every object you can see on your desk and describe it to me in as much detail as you can. Can you do that for me, baby?”

“Yes, Sir, I can.” His reply was immediate, though he was a little confused. He started to describe the monitors, the keyboard, the mouse, a mug, the desk, etc. On and on. He was really caught up in the task, but his head started to clear as he focused on it.

“Good. You’re doing really well. Now, describe to me your entire room. Walk around if you need to, okay?”

“Yeah, sure...” This time, the reply was a little slower, a little less certain. He described the bedroom, the bed, the dresser, the closet...

“Hey, George?”

“Yes, Dream?”

“Why are you having me describe my bedroom to you?”

“Welcome back, Dream!”

Dream sank back into his computer chair, blinking a few times. “What the hell just happened?!”

“Dream, I hate to be the one to tell you this, but I think you have a thing for following orders. I should have noticed it sooner, but I... I think I accidentally Minecraft dominated you...”

“What? That doesn’t even make sense?”

“While we were doing that, did you feel the need to please me? To make me happy, no matter what I asked?”

“Yeah...”

“I think you fell into subspace. Fuck, if I’d even known that was a possibility, I would never have made you do it, or I wouldn’t have streamed it at least.”

“I sent a picture of my face to you... FUCK!”

“No, no! It’s okay! I won’t open it! I promise! You sent it in a vulnerable place, and I would *never* demand that without running it past you first. I hadn’t even actually asked you to do it... But I won’t open it. Not until you, of completely your own volition and while in a sober mind, tell me it’s okay. And if you never let me open it, I won’t.”

Dream realized that this was probably why he had so easily slipped into “subspace” or whatever it was, for George. He knew that George would only demand things that he was willing to do. He had always respected Dream’s boundaries, even when he hadn’t wanted to.

Plus, the added element where he “had” to do those things for George really hit different.

“Thank you, George, that means a lot to me.”

“Of course, Dream... Now, I would recommend that you get some food and water into you, okay? And it’s going to feel weird later on, so please, *please* reach out to me when you need to, okay? I didn’t mean to get you in this mess, but I am not going to leave you to deal with it alone!”

“You sure know a lot about this stuff, George. What have you been doing without telling me?” Dream teased.

“Um... Let’s not worry about how I know, okay? Just be happy that I am not some noob with this, otherwise things would have probably gone too far. We can talk more later, okay? Right now, food, water, go.”

“Is that an order?” Dream’s voice was light and breezy, but he was actually asking. He was mostly in his right mind again, but he liked when George told him what to do.

After a brief pause, George replied, “Yes.”

Negotiation

Dream did feel weird later that night, but he didn't even need to reach out. George texted him right about the time Dream started feeling strange shame things and checked in. He was so kind and sweet and supportive, and Dream never wanted it to stop. Eventually, it had to though, when George sent Dream to bed.

Besides that, they didn't really talk about it. George wouldn't tell Dream how it felt from the other side, even though Dream had so clearly liked it from his, and he wouldn't give any more information about how he knew all this. He provided support and reassurance to Dream, but did not open the door for another event.

No matter how much Dream wanted it.

Finally, he caved and looked it up himself. He remembered the term George had used, "subspace," so he just Googled it. It wasn't like he had never heard the word before, but he hadn't really taken the time to research what it meant.

The research was enlightening to say the least. It turned out he knew what subspace was, he just hadn't know the word itself. Through all of his research, he learned a lot of things about himself. New words and phrases popped into his vocabulary, like "service sub," "praise kink," and "sub drop." The drop one had probably been the reason George had been so nice to him after what happened. They hadn't really played together, but subspace had definitely been an intense experience for Dream.

Learning all this about himself, BDSM, and kink, just made him want George more though. He knew enough about the scene to know that people took advantage, even of 6'3" former athletes. George had every opportunity to take advantage, and he had done everything to avoid it. Dream wouldn't have blamed him for looking at the snap, even, because how could he have known that that would be the time Dream would actually send his face?

Every day, he checked snapchat, and saw the message was still unread.

Despite all this, he didn't know how to bring it up. They flirted back and forth like crazy, but even in that, Dream was always the one to start it. It always felt like George was a little distant, a little pulled back, and Dream was afraid it was because he didn't feel the same way (even though Dream wasn't really sure what he was feeling for George).

~~~

Dream didn't think he would have to say anything about it to make it happen again. Technically, he owed George at least 12, if not ~22 more hours. They had barely made it in before George had stopped them, so George would want to go again, right?

After weeks of absolutely nothing, Dream realized he would have to bring it up himself. It was terrifying, especially since he had no idea if George was even interested, but he wanted it. He *needed* it. He started having fantasies about his friend that got more and more explicit, until he couldn't stand it anymore.

So he messaged George, casually, *Hey, when do you think we will finish those hours of “whatever you say” that I owe you?*

George's reply was fast, almost as if he was waiting for the message. *I thought we weren't doing that anymore, since you had some... issues with it?*

*I didn't have any issues. Just learned some stuff.*

*What did you learn, Dream?*

Dream couldn't reply for a long time. How was he supposed to say it, to ask George directly? He decided to be noncommittal, and hope George would get it. *I learned what I want.*

*And what's that?*

*Please, George, don't make me say it...*

*I have to be certain, Dream... This is serious.*

*Fine. I want* , Dream paused there for a long time, before finally deciding to put the only thing that felt right. *I want you.*

George didn't reply for a long time, and Dream was terrified he had gone too far. He was drafting a message, trying to take it all back, when it finally came through.

*Okay... I understand that's where you are at right now, but I am not sure if that's really what you want.*

*It is, George. Please...*

*I don't want you to regret anything.*

*I won't.* Dream paused, thinking of some way to prove it. Finally, he thought of it. *Open the picture I sent, George. I want you to see me.*

Another long pause from George, but then, *All this proves to me is that you are horny right now.*

*It's more than that! This has been on my mind for weeks! Since that livestream, I can't stop thinking about you.*

*Fine... Here's what I want you to do. This is what you will do, IN ORDER, once a day, every day, for the next seven days. First, masturbate until you finish. Then, five minutes later, send me a message confirming that you a) want me and b) want me to see you. Only send this message if you mean it. If you don't want to do this anymore at any point, just don't send the message. If in seven days, after following this ritual, you are still interested, we will talk. If I don't hear from you at any point, we will drop this and pretend it never happened. Is that understood?*

Dream shivered in his seat. Masturbation would not be a problem with such clear and delicious orders from George. *Yes, Sir.*

*The honorific was a mistake. I'm sorry. Please don't use it unless we talk at the end of the week, okay?*

*Okay...* Dream felt a little bit hurt by that.

*No, no, Dream. It's not that. You did nothing wrong, I did. I shouldn't have played around like that.*

*I took it too far.*

After a minute, another message came. *If you still want me by the end of the week, honorifics are a fun part of a dynamic, and we will discuss them, okay?*

*Okay. Thank you, George.* He liked using “Sir” better.

With that, he was ready to get off. He was already erect, straining against his pants, and he knew it wouldn't take long. George, telling him what to do, comforting him, caring about his boundaries. It was all so amazing. He wished that George would just let him play now, though he understood why they couldn't.

All it took for him to finish was imagining George. His eyebrow raised at Dream's eagerness, him whispering into the mic what Dream should do, the sprinkling of “good boys,” and, finally permission. George telling him to cum. It was absolutely earth shattering, and he couldn't pretend this wasn't sexual now. For a while, he had been telling himself it was just a kink thing he was doing with a trusted friend, but thinking of George just then... Dream might have been a little gay.

With his clean hand, he set a timer for 5 minutes. He waited for a shame spiral, a cum come down, something to tell him this was wrong. The only thing he felt when the timer went off was hope. If George was having him do all this, it had to mean he was interested, right?

*Hey George. This message is to tell you that a) I still want you and b) I want you to see my face.*

*That was fast. I didn't expect this until later tonight...*

Dream had to physically stop himself from replying with, “I'm just an eager little slut, I guess.” He, instead, went with, *Just thought I would get started early. Show my dedication to the cause.*

*Yeah, sure, whatever.*

~~~

Dream never waivered during those 7 days. At some point, every day, he would send George a message. He never copied and pasted it. He always made sure to write it from scratch, and sometimes he would add bits, like, “I want you *so much*,” to show George how serious he was.

This task he had been assigned was not making things easier for him, though. On the contrary, he wanted George even more. Masturbation was nothing compared to what he wanted to do. He was following George's orders, but he wanted George to be a part of it, to praise him, to acknowledge that he was doing it. George barely responded to those messages, as if they weren't interesting to him.

Despite this, Dream was determined. He didn't give up, holding out hope that the distance was from a fear that Dream would stop.. So he kept sending messages every day, until finally, it was the seventh day.

The second Dream sent his message, he received a reply from George.

Finally! God, do you know how hard it's been to be patient for you? Get online. We need to talk.

Dream was grinning as he entered the call.

“*Dream*, ” George whispered, the second he could be heard, “You’ve been driving me wild! I thought this was just some game or a horny moment of weakness, but you really want this, don’t you?”

“Yes, George, I want it. Like, I genuinely cannot stop thinking about you, and what we can do together. Do you want...? Like, you always were so detached?”

“Not detached! Just... cautious. I was sure it was all jokes for you, but for me... *Dream*, you have had my interest for a long time. I just never thought it would be mutual...”

“I think it’s been mutual for a long time...” *Dream* admitted, “and I was just pretending it was a joke...”

“That makes sense, I suppose. Now, I need to ask, do you want to do this platonically, as in me just giving you non-sexual tasks to do and calling you a good boy-”

Dream actually shuddered at that. It had been so long, and fuck did he need it.

“Or, do you want this to be sexual?” George continued. “We can start platonic if you aren’t sure. It doesn’t have to be more than that.”

“I... I want more than that, George. I...” *Dream* paused for a long time, trying to gather the courage for what he needed to say. “I... I want to make you cum, George.”

“Oh. Well, that answers that then...”

“If that’s not what you want, we can-”

“No, sweetie, that’s not it. It’s just... It can be overwhelming to get everything you want in an instant.”

“Not everything... Open the snap. I want you to see my face.”

“Are you sure, *Dream*? Are you really ready for this?”

Dream sighed and braced himself. “Yes.” He pulled his phone out and watched the message window between him and George, waiting for the little square to become an outline. It seemed like George was nervous too, because they just sat there, in silence, waiting.

Until it suddenly was read, and *Dream* heard a soft gasp.

“Oh my God,” George breathed, barely caught by the microphone.

“What?” *Dream* asked, trying not to freak out. He didn’t hate his face, but he never showed it to anyone, and this was *George* .

“Fuck, *Dream*, you’re so... beautiful. Fuck, I wish you were here. I would...” George stopped himself.

“No... Tell me... Please, George...”

“I would kiss you, definitely. You have very kissable lips, darling. But, I also want to fuck that pretty mouth of yours and stare into your eyes while I do it.”

“George!”

“What?!”

“THAT’S what you’ve been holding back this entire time? All of the flirting I did, and this is what you could have been giving in return?!”

George laughed, anxiety easing. He had thought it was too far. “I couldn’t have said anything like that when we were flirting! Not until I knew you were into it. Besides, the fans would probably, *actually* die if they heard me say that to you.”

“Fuck, George. I literally came, like, ten minutes ago, but you’ve already got me going again.”

“Really?” George mused, voice low and dangerous and right against the mic, “You’re getting turned on by the mere thought of me fucking your face? You sure are an eager little slut, aren’t you?”

Dream let out a helpless little whimper, completely undone by those words. “Yes, Sir. So eager for you.”

“Wow, you really are easy, huh? You’re honestly lucky that no one has put you in this position before.”

“I’ve never had anyone make me feel like this way before, Sir.”

“Oh... Wow... That’s... Fuck, this has to be a dream or something.” George took a deep breath. “Alright, before we go any further, we really should negotiate exactly what is and isn’t okay. You are so suggestable in your subspace, I don’t want to leave any room for boundary crossing. If I can help it, you will never leave an encounter feeling regret, okay?”

“Yeah, that sounds good. I appreciate it, George.”

“Of course, Dream. I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

They spent the better part of the next two hours carefully laying out the things they were interested in. George had a selection of negotiation sheets ready, and they went over the list of kinks, fetishes, and toys line by line, together. Dream actually knew a lot more than he had initially thought, having read so much of their fanfiction with his friends, but George seemed to know everything.

They also added a few more rules that wouldn’t occur to normal BDSM play. Primarily that anything done on stream that was even remotely close to play had to be completely G rated and could not include honorifics or pet names in any way. Another point was that any face cam stuff had to be pre-negotiated.

With that finally out of the way, Dream was excited and ready to play. All the kinky talk they had been having had left him fully erect again. He wanted to do well for George. He wanted to cum for him and hear George cum in return.

But George squashed those plans. “Alright, with that done, we can plan our first play time.”

“Plan?! Aren’t we going to do it now?”

“Dream, it’s really cute that you are so desperate for me, but we have to let this sit overnight. You are relatively new to the scene and I just threw a lot of things your way. Take a bit to process, mull things over, and see if anything sticks out. You can change your limits at any time, but it’s best to

have them completely settled before you start a scene, especially a scene like this. Besides, you will need time to get gloves and a dildo.”

“But George...” Dream whined.

“No buts. I will be kind and allow you to come once more this evening, but after that, every orgasm you have has to go through me, unless you want to take orgasm control off the list, of course.”

“Understood, Sir... Can I make a request, though?”

“You can ask, yes.”

“I... I want to use a face cam when we play.”

“Really? Are you sure?”

Dream paused, really thinking about it. He trusted George, and he had trusted him since before they had begun this. Besides, he couldn't imagine playing without George watching him squirm. “Yes, I'm sure, Sir. I want you to watch me.”

“Okay, well... If you are sure, I would be willing to consider it. But if you change your mind at ANY point, please, please, PLEASE tell me, okay? I want to see you, of course, but I have no expectations. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good boy. Now when do you want to play?”

“Can we do it tomorrow, please?”

“So fucking needy, baby... Yeah, I suppose we can, but I really want you to think all these things over, alright? The first priority is making sure you are okay, understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good boy, Dream,” George cooed, right into the mic again, “Now I'm going to bed. Have a good night, and I'll see you tomorrow.” With that, he signed off.

Dream shuddered, cock twitching at just his words. Fuck, he wasn't sure if he could wait through the night when he had already been waiting for seven days. Why was George treating him with kid gloves? Then, he remembered the feeling he had when he had heard George ask for the photo of him. In retrospect, he understood it was an example, but in that moment...? He would have done almost anything for George.

Maybe these safety precautions were good.

Dream thought about just going to bed, trying to speedrun to the next day, but then he remembered the free orgasm he had been given. He was *very* interested in George controlling his orgasms, but he was sure that George wouldn't be kind after this. They had discussed orgasm control, but they had also discussed orgasm *denial*.

He decided to cum before bed really quick. He imagined George again, of course, but, this time, he had new fodder. He imagined himself sucking George's cock, keeping eye contact with those big brown eyes. He would watch until they closed and rocked back with George's ecstasy.

He came and, for the first time, he felt regret. He wished George had been there for real.

The Call

Dream had a lot of trouble falling asleep that night. Just knowing that they would be playing the next day was getting him all riled up and excited. He hadn't even known this was something he wanted until a few weeks ago, but now, it was everything to him.

Finally, after tossing and turning for a while, he managed to fall asleep. He woke with a smile, staring at the ceiling excitedly. He could finally play. The moment he was awake, he texted George a simple “ *Good morning . ;)*” to get the ball rolling.

George replied almost immediately. *Good morning. I'm sure you just woke up, so your first order is to eat something. Get some water too. No play until you are fed.*

Fiiiiiiiine... Dad.

George didn't respond, so Dream decided to follow his orders and hope that would be enough for a reply. He made a good breakfast, an omelet with veggies and some potatoes, and sent a picture to George.

Good boy. Now eat. :]

Yes, Sir .

Once he finished eating, he sent a picture of the cleared plate (with a mostly empty glass of water in the background). He was feeling pretty good, and it was made even better by George's reply.

You've done so well. Come online. Let's play. :]

Dream basically tripped over himself trying to get to the computer. The login was too slow, and he was trying to remain calm, despite the desperation to be there for George. Finally, he was logged in.

“George?”

“I'm sorry, who?” George's voice was electric as he spoke low and into the microphone.

“I'm sorry, Master?”

“There we go. Whenever we are playing, I expect proper titles. My name is a privilege that you have to earn, baby.”

Dream was melting at the sound of his voice, as his headphones projected it right into his ears.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good boy. Now, I think we will start slow, get a feel for things. Let's start with some nonsexual commands. We're going to play bed wars doubles. Log in.”

“Nonsexual? But, Sir, I want to make you cum!”

“Hush.” It wasn't said harshly, but it was firm. “Baby, we will do what I want, when I want it. If you are good, I might let you do naughtier things, but for now, we are playing bed wars. Understood?”

Dream paused for a moment, but he didn't like that tone. He couldn't really debate with George, no

matter how much he wanted to be naughty right away. “Yes, sir.”

“See, I was going to turn my face cam on for bed wars, but now you’ll have to earn it by being really good.”

“Wait, G- Sir, please! I’m sorry! I’ll be good! Please, let me see!”

“I appreciate your begging, sweetie, but you still have to earn it. Be good, and you might get to watch me cum later. Otherwise...”

“I’ll be so good. I promise,” Dream said, booting up Hypixel.

“I suppose we’ll see.”

“Do you want me to turn my cam on, Sir?”

“Not yet, baby. Let’s warm up first.”

George’s avatar joined him in the lobby, and Dream found himself clinging to that one little piece of him. He wandered over to George and shifted, bowing before him.

George punched the air a few times as a wave. “There you are! Join my team and let’s go.”

The first game, they were the grey team. They fell into their practiced routine, gathering resources and starting to venture into the mid. Everything was normal, until George said, “Hey Dream? Drop all the iron you have in your inventory over the edge.”

“What?! I have so much iron! At least let me drop it to you!”

“Alright, when you are done ignoring my direct order, you can drop all the gold too.”

“George, please!”

“What was that, Dream? You’re not being very good...”

“But it’s pointless!” Dream was trying really hard not to scream.

“Obedience is obeying even when you don’t understand why. It’s just a game. Unless you want to safeword?”

Dream sighed, huge and dramatic. After a moment of hesitation and weaving, he walked over to the edge of their platform. George watched happily as Dream dropped the iron and gold over the edge. Dream mourned their loss as they disappeared into the void.

“Happy?” Dream demanded.

“No. I would be a lot happier if you did as you were told.”

“...I’m sorry, Sir.”

They kept playing for a while, eventually regathering the gold and iron Dream had thrown over, and they were pretty decked out. Dream was running across a bridge, about to get pink team, when George whispered, “Jump off the bridge, Dream.”

This time, the hesitation was much less. He still paused on the bridge, wondering if he was actually going to do this, but then he jumped, staring up at the confused pink team member as his character

plummeted to it's death.

He respawned right next to George, who dropped him some more supplies immediately. "Good boy, baby! You did so well."

Dream couldn't help but smile. "Thank you, Sir."

The orders would come through like this, and Dream quickly learned to just do them. George was right, it was just a game, and they still did really well, even as Dream threw. They lost a few rounds, but it was a lot of fun, even when George made Dream jump off with a broken bed.

Dream felt himself relaxing, allowing himself to be led, even when the decisions weren't good for winning, they were good for enjoying himself. He quickly realized that was the goal.

On what would be the last round, George surprised him with, "This round, take your cock out of your pants, and just let it rest there."

Dream's eyes went wide, not expecting that. "Yes, Sir."

It felt weird, having his dick out but his pants on. It rested on his thigh, slowly growing at the attention and anticipation. The cool air of the room left it sensitive and needy, and soon, he found himself having difficulties focusing.

"How does it feel?"

Dream let out a small noise, which he couldn't explain or describe. "Strange... Sensitive... Expectant?"

George grinned. "Good. Let's play."

Joining the game felt different this time. Dream hadn't realized how much he threw his entire body into playing until his dick was involved. Every attack, every jump, every block placing, and it rolled, twisted, rubbed against his pant leg. It was making him needy. He wanted to touch it. What was happening couldn't be qualified as stimulation, and that's exactly what he wanted.

George was entranced by the little gasps and moans and sighs that kept slipping into his ears. So much that he almost forgot the rest of his plan for the evening. He shook his head and refocused. "Dream?"

"Yes, Sir?"

Perfect. He was ready. "Run your nails across your cock. Not hard enough to hurt, just enough to feel it."

"Of course, Sir." Dream didn't even stop to move his avatar to a safe place. Slowly, carefully, his fingers ran down the length of his cock, perking it up and sending shivers down his spine. A moan escaped him as a nail brushed his glans. "Oh fuck..."

"Yeah?" George murmured, mouth against the pop filter, "That feel good, baby?"

"Yes, sir, it feels *amazing*."

"Do it again, baby, a little harder this time."

Dream's breath hissed in, and he writhed at his own touch. "Thank you, Sir, for letting me touch myself."

“Oh, such a good and respectful boy! You’ve been waiting so patiently, huh? Want to abandon the game and play in a different way?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I don’t know... It doesn’t sound like you want it...”

“Please, Sir, please! I want nothing more than to be your fuck toy, for you to instruct and use as you want! Please, please, I want to play with you!” Dream begged immediately.

“Oh, wow! Such an eager little slut, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Sir. I’m always an eager slut for you.”

“Good. Get off Minecraft. I want your full focus.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Dream was fully in it now, hazed over and wanting. He disconnected from the server without a second thought, despite them still being in a match, and closed the game. With discord full screen, he was ready to go, though he wished he could see George’s face.

“I’m ready, my king.”

“Oooo, I like that. You’ve been so good, besides that initial hiccup in the beginning.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“You’re welcome. Now then, did you get the gloves? And you have condoms?”

Dream thought for a moment. “Yes to both, Master.”

“Good boy. Grab them. And the dildo. You got one, right?”

“Of course, Sir.” He gathered the supplies, including a 6 inch blue dildo, and returned to his seat. “Got them.”

“Good. Now, put a glove on your hand, the one you don’t use to masturbate.”

The glove fit perfectly over his hand, but it was a little bit sticky and hard to pull on in the beginning. “Done, Sir.

“Good boy! Now, lube up your fingers.”

Oh! Dream hadn’t really been thinking, just following instructions as they were given, but with that, he realized, and it made him stutter. “Uh, y-yes, sir.”

“Have you ever put something up your ass before, sweetie?”

Dream paused, a little anxious. “No, Sir, I haven’t.”

“Then start with one finger, go slow, and use as much lube as you need.”

Dream’s mouth popped open. He hadn’t expected this part so fast, but he was kind of excited. He had never had cause to put anything up there, but he had always been curious. Besides, George was with him, so it would be okay.

He spent a moment carefully lubricating all his fingers, absolutely drenching them in the lube he kept for masturbation. He was stalling, using the excuse of thoroughness to stare at the slippery, blue gloved hand in front of him.

Finally, with a deep breath, he pressed one finger against his asshole. George was being patient, thank goodness, so Dream took his time. The hole resisted for a moment, but with a little extra push, he was able to start getting inside. It was a strange sensation, but not entirely unpleasant, so he kept going until he reached the base of his finger.

With a little grunt, he told George that he had done it.

“How does it feel, baby?” George asked.

“It feels fine.”

“Curl your finger up until... Well you’ll figure it out.”

Dream knew about the prostate (he wasn’t that naive), so he knew what George was aiming for. His finger explored, testing various spots, until, “Oh *fuck!*”

“There you go, baby! How does *that* feel.”

Dream was shaking slightly, running his finger along that spot slowly. Every pass sent shivers down his spine. “It feels *amazing*, Sir.”

“See if you can’t get another finger in there, and then fuck yourself for me. But don’t cum! If you get close, stop yourself.”

“Yes, Sir,” Dream gasped.

The second finger was easier than the first. He was eager for more now, so there was almost no resistance. With two in there, he could alternate them, sending little pulses down his entire body. For a moment, he even forgot that they were playing, so overtaken by sensation that he just fell into it, moaning and gasping into the mic.

It was driving George wild. “Three fingers.”

“Yes, Sir!”

The third finger was so amazing. Dream felt stretched and full. He wanted it to be George, and he imagined that his fingers were George’s, getting him ready for his cock. The thought of George fucking his ass was too much, and he almost came, but he pulled his fingers out with a whine and stopped himself.

“Everything alright, baby?”

Dream panted for a moment, trying to recover from the almost orgasm. “Yes... Sir... Almost... Came...”

“But you didn’t?”

“No, Sir...”

“Good boy! I was sure you wouldn’t be able to control yourself the first time.” With that, George’s camera flipped on, revealing his handsome, smiling face. It only showed half of him, but he was shirtless, and it was perfect.

Dream was immediately undone. “T-thank you, S-sir!”

“You’re doing so well,” George murmured, right into the microphone. He was leaning his entire body into it, teasing it a little. “So good for me.”

“Thank you, Sir. I would do anything for you.”

“I know, baby. You are such a good boy.” George paused for a moment, before adding, “If you wanted to show me your face, you could do it now... But I honestly don’t expect you to.”

“I want to show you my face,” Dream breathed, “I want to show you what you are doing to me.”

“Alright, turn it on then...”

With his clean hand, Dream started to set up his webcam. He didn’t not have a high quality camera, since he literally never streamed his face, but he did have one that had come free with some piece of his PC. He had plugged it in and set it up the night before, so eager to show George his face, so all he had to do was connect it to discord.

A wave of anxiety came over him, and he threw a hand over it, so that when it turned on, it just showed pink-tinted black.

“Dream, if you're not ready, you don’t have to.”

“No, I am ready, just give me a moment, okay?”

“Dream, seriously, it’s okay.”

“Master, I *need* you to see me. Just... Hold on...”

“Take your time, sweetie.” George was patient and kind, as always, and that made him feel much better.

Dream took a few more deep breaths. He realized his only fear was that George would think he was ugly, but George had loved the photo, right? He had straightened himself up before they played too, so he didn’t have bed head or anything. He could do this.

With a sigh, he moved his hand away. George’s eyes went wide at the sight of him, and a blush came to his cheeks.

Dream’s lower half was hidden from the frame, but you could tell he was hiding a mess. He was still relatively put together (at least what you could see), but his eyes were wide, and his expression was pure need and wanting.

“Dream, you look so amazing, honestly, you are so beautiful,” George cooed, leaning into the mic. “It is honestly such a privilege to see you. So good to me, baby.”

Dream started blushing at that, and he covered his face before he remembered that George wouldn’t really be able to tell. “Thank you, Sir.”

“You’re welcome. And, Dream? I mean it.”

This made Dream a little bold, and in a moment of reckless abandon, he scooted his chair back, revealing his straining, leaky cock.

“Oh! Wow!” George gasped, putting a hand to his mouth. “I cannot tell you how much I wish I

could play with that, sweetie.”

“Oh yeah?” Dream asked, lustily, “Well, I guess you’ll have to tell me what you would do and let me do it for you, Sir.”

“Fuuuuck, that sounds like a good plan. Grab the dildo for me, hon? Oh and toss the glove.”

Dream pulled the dildo into the view of the camera. He had been allowed to pick the size, so he decided to go for something average and in the middle. He had never played with a cock besides his own before, plastic or real.

“Do you want to practice sucking a cock today, baby?” George asked, eyeing the dildo with anticipation.

Dream had expected to hesitate, but instead, his reply was immediate. “Yes, Sir! Please...” He wanted to drive George wild, and he did want to be good at it before he tried it on his Master.

“Alright baby, start by doing what feels right, and I’ll give you instructions.” George’s hand slipped beneath the desk as he said this, and his arm began moving up and down.

Dream’s eyes were caught on that hand, watching it disappear to where he wanted to be. For a while, he watched, mesmerized, as George touched himself, but then his brain rebooted, and he replied with a sheepish, “Yes, Sir.”

George laughed. “It’s good to see how excited I make you, sweetie. You’re getting me so excited, too. So pretty for me.”

“Thank you so much, Sir!”

With that reassurance, Dream set the dildo on the desk. He had gotten blowjobs before, but he hadn’t been paying attention to what they were doing while they did it. He thought of George and wondered what he would like. After studying it for a moment, he decided to just go for it.

A careful lick around the head (it tasted like plastic, but that was fine) to test himself, and he began to suck. He started by taking in the top and slowly lowered himself, slurping far more obscenely than he meant to, until he reached his gag reflex, which was only about four inches down. With that, he went back up, pulling off the cock with a pop.

George was staring at him with wide, hungry eyes, so taken in by what he had seen that he had stopped masturbating. “Dream... Wow... And you’ve never sucked a dick before?”

“No, Sir.”

“Wow, you’re a natural cocks slut, sweetie! You took that like a champ. Fuck, what I wouldn’t give to be that dildo...”

“I was thinking of you while I did it, Sir,” Dream confessed, eyes downcast, “Thinking of what I wanted to do for you...”

“Yeah, baby?” George asked, starting to stroke himself again, “Show me.”

Dream didn’t even reply. He just leaned over and started going down again. He adjusted his camera a bit, for a better angle, and started bobbing up and down. This was George’s cock, and he was going to make his Master cum. He put as much effort into the plastic as if it was real.

“Yes, that’s it, Dream...” George moaned, rubbing himself faster. “Now, see if you can’t go down all the way for me.”

Dream hummed and relaxed. This was going to be difficult, but he would do anything for George. Getting to his soft palate was easy, but his body didn’t want to go past that. He focused on his breathing and sank down a little farther.

He gagged immediately.

When he pulled back, he heard George making the most obscene noise. He peered up, and George was leaning back in the office chair, stroking himself furiously, with a hand pressed into his face.

Dream sank down, swallowing it to the point it made him gag again, but this time, he was watching George. Yeah, he definitely liked that sound. It made Dream very happy, so he kept going, getting just enough in that he would gag, but not so much that he would actually make a mess.

After doing this for a while, listening to George’s gasping moans and quiet swearing, his nose touched the base. He looked down in surprise to realize that he had accidentally trained himself to take the whole thing.

George noticed, and paused, genuinely surprised. “Wow, Dream, it’s like you were made for this. You take cock so well.”

Dream pulled his head away from the dildo with a wet slurp. “Did you like that, Master?”

“God, yes, baby. That was so fucking hot. You did so well for me. I think it’s time I give back. Put a condom on it.”

Dream reached for the condom without hesitation, but he didn’t really know why it was necessary. It wasn’t like the dildo could give him anything, though he supposed it would make clean-up easier.

The condom rolled down the dildo easily, and he showed it to George. “Ready, Sir.”

George pushed his chair back, adjusted his webcam so he was fully in frame, and revealed his erection. “Let’s watch each other, baby.”

Dream whimpered at the sight. He wanted nothing more than to suck George’s perfect dick, to make him moan like he had been before, to be fucked by him. He *wanted* so badly, and he almost forgot what they were doing. “George, you’re... Wow... I’m... Wow...”

“Normally, I would have to punish you for using my name, but I do appreciate the compliment of you being stunned into silence, so I suppose I can let it go this time,” George teased.

“I’m sorry, Sir. I... I just want it so badly.”

“That’s good to know, and hopefully we can meet at some point, for now, though, the dildo will have to do.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Fuck your ass with it, Dream, but don’t let yourself cum. You have to ask.”

“Of course, Sir.”

He was a lot less scared this time, even though the dildo was larger than his fingers. His prostate

had been revealed to him, and he couldn't wait to stimulate it more. He almost regretted signing up for orgasm control, because he kind of wanted to anally fuck himself for an entire day, just cumming and cumming until he literally couldn't anymore. Maybe he could ask for permission to do that.

The dildo didn't meet much resistance as he tried to slide it in. His ass was still gaping from the three fingers, and his eagerness had it going in with ease. It was a bit weird at first, like the fingers had been, but then it connected. His eyelids fluttered and he moaned like he was in heat.

"Yeah, that feel good, Dream? You like cock in your ass?" George teased, stroking himself lazily.

Dream pried his eyes open to watch, enjoying the hungry looks he was seeing from the camera.

"Yes, Sir. My only wish is that this was you inside me instead."

"Mine too, baby."

The dildo was harder and more unyielding than his fingers, but that was almost better. Dream leaned back in his desk chair for a better position, and he started to fuck himself with it, slowly at first, with gentle, easy strokes, but soon, he couldn't stand it, and he was thrusting into his ass with abandon.

George was entranced, but he was also going wild. A week ago, he hadn't even known Dream was interested in something like this, and he hadn't seen Dream's face. Now he was watching his friend (or maybe more) fuck himself silly, on camera. The best part was George knew that Dream was imagining that it was his cock there. He had to be slow, not touching himself too much, otherwise he would have already cum at the sight.

Suddenly, Dream's eyes bulged and he yanked the dildo out of him with panting breath. "That was close!" he gasped.

"You almost came, baby?"

"Yeah, but I got it!"

"Good boy! You are so good at this. Made to be my good little slut, huh?"

"Oh, absolutely! I was made to be yours, Sir. Your fuck toy."

That sounded great to George. "Fuck, Dream, just watching you is getting me so close. I wish you were here. I would love to cum all over you."

"I want to watch you cum, Sir, please..."

"You have been so good today... Such a good boy for me... Put the dildo back in your ass. If you can keep fucking yourself without cumming until I finish, you can stop and watch. If you cum, you can't watch."

In that moment, Dream didn't care about his own orgasm. He would be okay if George kept him on this edge for the rest of the night. All he wanted was to make his Master feel good. He wanted George to come for *him*. Everything else was secondary.

He slid the dildo back into his ass, shuddering, and started to fuck himself again, slower this time. He was already so sensitive, but if he was careful, he might be able to do this, especially if he didn't touch himself.

“So good for me, baby. Doing so well... Fuck I could watch you like this forever. I can’t believe how lucky I am,” George babbled, pumping on his cock.

Dream couldn’t believe how lucky he was either, and he played into that. Soft sighed, gasping moans, and desperate pleas dripped from his lips. He was begging his Master to come and take him, to show him what a real cock felt like, to fuck all of his holes.

It proved to be too much to George, and he fell back against his chair, cumming across his bare chest. “Fuuuuuuck, Dream,” he groaned, fucking the last droplets of semen from his hand. “You did so well. You did amazing! You are such a good boy for me.”

“Thank you, Sir. I am so happy to have made you cum.” Dream was still fucking himself, slowly, carefully, trying not to hit that final spot, but he was getting close.

“I want to watch you cum too, baby. You did so well, I think you earned it. Fuck yourself silly for me.”

Dream didn’t need to be told twice. He increased his speed in a moment, pounding the dildo into his asshole. Sounds and swears sprayed out of him, and he was close in only an instant, so needy from the long teasing and his first time edging. He cried out, arching his back as he came, shuddering rather violently as he splattered himself with his orgasm, before collapsing into the chair.

“Dream, are you alright?” George’s tentative voice asked.

Dream was panting pretty hard by that point, and barely able to speak, but he managed a “Yes... Sir...”

George grinned. “Good boy.”

Need

Dream's entire mind was a buzz. He couldn't believe what they had done together, but it was one of the best things he had ever experienced. After his explosive finish, George sat with him on video call for over an hour, helping him cope with the amount of sensation that washed over him. George was so sweet, so patient, cooing and rewarding and soothing, and it was everything Dream had ever wanted.

He hadn't realized how much he needed George's approval until he finally had it.

George did have to leave eventually, but he promised to be available. Dream was left alone with his thoughts, but they were all wonderful. He felt a bit needy still, like he wanted even more, but he was mostly content.

What he was really missing was touch. For all that George had helped him come down, there were no gentle fingers brushing down his hot skin, no after sex cuddles, and no soft kisses. Dream was a *needy* man, and he wanted all those things.

George, I want to meet in person.

George received the message immediately (he meant it when he said he would be available), but he didn't reply for a long time. The three dots popped up, bounced around, and disappeared, over and over. Dream's anxiety was slowly increasing as it took longer and longer, wondering he had pushed too far, until finally the reply came through.

Baby, I want to meet in person too, more than you might even know, but I worry... It's a big step. Are you sure we are ready? Because, before all this, you weren't ready for me to meet you...

George, I wasn't ready because some part of me knew I wanted you, and I was worried I would do something embarrassing. Plus, I didn't know if you would like my face, but you've literally seen me naked now. ;P

I'm just worried. I've wanted this for so long, but it was a complete fantasy, impossible, and now that I'm being offered it, it feels... unfair.

Dream paused, confused, trying to understand what George meant. *It's not unfair to want or to get what you want, especially since I want it sooo much too. You don't need to feel bad.*

The three dots again, up and down, up and down. Finally, *Dream, I want to ravage you.*

Dream's heart started to pound in his chest. *Good. I want that too.*

Oh. I was worried I would want to go too far...

George, I want you to fuck me until I can't walk, and then I want to cuddle until I can.

Oh good! So... When do we want to do this? ;)

~~~

Getting the plane tickets was the easy part. They mutually agreed that George should fly to Dream, since Dream had an entire house and George still lived with his mother. Of course, Dream got George first class tickets, despite the heavy protestations based on cost and lack of necessity, and then everything was in place.

Dream was terrified, though. Would he be enough for George in person? What if he couldn't control himself? What if he scared George off? What if there was something wrong with him that George would suddenly realize from being in the same room?

What if George changed his mind?

Thankfully, he didn't have a lot of time to worry, since the arrival date was so close. Time shot forward, and he and George were in constant contact through all of it. That made the anxiety a little easier too. George was always just a text or phone call away, and everything was up for discussion. He even managed to voice his fears around George liking him in person, and George swiftly squelched those (or tried to).

"Dream, I've found you interesting and worth my time since we connected the first time. Meeting you in person is just going to make our magnetic bond even stronger," George murmured, low and comforting.

That definitely helped a lot, but it didn't take the anxiety away completely.

Finally, the day arrived. Dream drove to the airport, trying to be as cool and calm as he could be. To the average person, he would look nonchalant and chill, but someone who knew him might have seen the slight shake in his hands, the grip on the steering wheel to hide it, and the tightness of his expression.

He had to hold himself physically still at the baggage claim, waiting for George to arrive. The nerves and ADHD had him bouncing around, pacing, and tapping, but he tried to suppress it. He didn't want to look weird or draw attention, especially since he hadn't revealed his face.

His gaze was scanning the entire area, so desperately wanting to be grounded by George's eyes, to be reassured it was all real.

Then, there he was. *George*. Dream drank in the beautiful man before him. Big, brown eyes, soft smile, and lips just begging to be kissed. He was perfect, and when their eyes met, George smiled that huge grin that split his entire face and showed all his teeth. They didn't need to say anything, George just took off running full speed, slamming into Dream without even pausing.

Dream let out a small *oof*, but wrapped his arms around George, desperately gathering all of the skinny man into his body. It was absolutely the best thing that had ever happened to him, and he had to fight tears as they came to him. He was hugging *George*.

After a far too short embrace, they had to break apart, recognizing that they were still in a public airport. George pulled away first, not used to public displays of affection of any kind, and Dream followed suit.

"Hey there," George said, still grinning.

"Hello!" Dream replied, matching his excitement.

"Shall we?" George gestured, as if he knew where the exits were.

"Let's."

Having George there took all the anxiety away. He felt a little silly for being worried in the first place. Being in his presence was so calming, so centering. George was good at hiding from the fans, but he had never really been able to hide his feelings from Dream, and all George was feeling as they walked together out of the terminal was joy. It was rolling off of him in waves, in his steps and in his grin, and it was infectious. Dream couldn't help but grin too. It was perfect.

The car ride back was spent chattering away about everything in the world. They had a mutual understanding of a quiet walk through the airport, so Dream's voice wouldn't carry through such a huge, public, and international place, but in the car together, they were joking and wheezing like normal. Nothing about being in person had changed the way they interacted, and it felt so *good*.

Well, almost nothing. Now that they were sitting next to each other, George could reach across the center console and rest his hand on Dream's thigh as they drove. His thumb brushed back and forth, comforting and arousing at the same time. Dream's entire body went rigid, and he *very carefully* focused on driving.

George pulled his hand away. "Was that not okay?"

"It was more than okay. I was just trying to keep driving, instead of pulling over to let you fuck me into the car seat."

"How far to your place?"

"Not much farther."

"Good. Then you can wait, baby." George's devious grin could be heard as he spoke, even though Dream couldn't see it. His hand fell back to its previous position, and Dream went tense again, but he also let out a little needy whimper.

"Oh, you are going to be so much fun," George teased.

Things didn't progress further in the car than one hand on Dream's leg, but that was enough for him to start to get aroused, unraveling at such a basic touch, simply because it was George.

Sometimes, George's fingers would go up a little extra high, just to hear Dream's voice hitch. It was delicious.

By the time they got to the house, Dream was ready to go. It had taken all his willpower to not touch George, and now it was over. He turned the car off and grabbed George's hand with his own, leaning in to kiss him.

"Stop. You don't have permission yet," George chided, putting a hand between them.

Dream stopped immediately, pulling away and letting George go, but it almost physically hurt to do. "But, George, *please*."

"Let's get inside."

Dream started to protest, but George cut him off with a simple, "Now, baby," and so Dream dragged himself out of the car, away from George, and towards his house. Impatience and need had his hand moving awkwardly, and he missed the lock a couple times before he managed to slide the key in. He couldn't look at George as he failed basic tasks, though he was sure George was enjoying himself.

Finally, they were inside, but Dream held himself back, as George meandered inside without a care

in the world. He was taking in the sights of the house, very deliberately, almost as if he was trying to drive Dream absolutely wild.

Then, without warning, he flipped around, gazing up into Dream's eyes. "Kneel, baby."

Dream dropped to the floor in an instant with no hesitation, pressing his needy hands into his sides.

"Oh, so eager for me, huh, baby? You want to touch me? Don't move." George reached down and gently caressed Dream's cheek.

It took all of Dream's willpower to hold still. He wanted to nuzzle into George's hand, to kiss it, to touch the man he had spent so much time thinking of, but he wanted to please his Master more. He shook slightly with the effort of it, but he was a statue, not even leaning into the palm on his cheek.

"You're such a good boy, Dream. So good and patient for me." With that, George leaned down and kissed him. His other hand went to the back of Dream's head, fingers lost in dirty blond waves.

Dream melted against him, barely able to keep himself up. It was everything he wanted, and he was in heaven. He would have been happy to spend the rest of time kissing George, but it would be so much better if he could *touch* him. Despite himself, a small whine escaped him.

"What is it, baby?" George asked, pulling away.

"Nothing, I'm sorry, Sir."

George grabbed Dream's chin and forced him to look up, meeting a stern gaze. "Don't lie to me. What's wrong?"

"Want to touch..." Dream mumbled under his breath.

"Yeah? You want to touch me?"

"Yes, *please*, Sir."

George dropped his chin, and Dream had to catch himself so he didn't fall. He wanted contact so *badly* that it almost hurt. Instead of giving him what he wanted, George crossed the length of the huge living room, plopping down onto the plush couch at the other end. "You don't mind if I sit on your couch, do you baby?"

"No, Sir, of course not."

"Good. You want me? Come get me! But you have to crawl over here, sweetie."

Dream dropped to his hands and knees, head bowed, without a second thought. Crawling wasn't as shameful as he might have thought from a different head space, and with the head space he was in, it was kind of... fun. He was happy to do it for the amusement of his Master, especially since it was so easy.

When he finally reached the couch, he just stopped, unsure what to do next. He didn't want to do something he wasn't supposed to. He didn't fear any punishments (most of them he was sure he would enjoy), but he didn't want to be denied George for a moment longer.

"You are so good, baby. That was a wonderful show, and you have been so careful not to touch without permission. Come here." With that, George pulled Dream's arms up into his lap.

Dream let himself be led, helping with his own muscles, and collapsed into George's thighs. The

relief almost made him cry, but he settled for nuzzling into George's hips and running fingers up and down his legs.

In return, George brushed through Dream's hair, all the way down his neck and across the tops of his shoulders, before looping back up to his hair. Every loop had a little bit more scratch to it, and Dream was practically purring, rubbing his face deeper and deeper into George's lap without even thinking about what he was stimulating.

"That feel good, sweetie?" George murmured.

Dream couldn't even really talk, tongue caught by the electric sparks chasing their way up and down his spine. It just felt so *amazing*. George felt *amazing*. "Mhmmm."

"It's interesting. Some part of me feels like I missed this, but we've never done it. It just feels so... right." This thought made him pause, his hand resting on Dream's head.

Dream lifted his head a little, meeting George's intense gaze. "I know what you mean, and... I just... I can't... I don't want to spend any more time in my life without touching you, Sir." With that, he curled back into George's lap.

George continued petting him. "I can't promise that, but as long as we are together, I think I can arrange something close to it."

"Why did you stop me before, then?"

"Because we would have been stuck in the car, unable to leave, just escalating until we got arrested for indecent exposure. Plus, it was fun to make you beg and crawl. You're so cute when you're needy."

Dream pouted. "Meanie."

"Do you want me to stop teasing?"

"No!"

George grinned, scratching a little harder (which produced some wonderful noises). "That's what I thought."

They stayed like that for a long time, just so happy to make physical contact with each other. The position they were in just felt like it was made to be, and neither of them wanted to stop for a long time.

Then Dream's head cleared just enough to realize that there was an erection in his face. He had been so lost in being touched, being pet, and petting in return, that he hadn't yet noticed that George had been getting harder with every nuzzle. Once he did, he started to aim for it, rubbing into it specifically, even going as far as to place a kiss on the cloth that covered it.

"You are such a cockslut, baby," George teased.

"*Your* cockslut, Sir. Please? Can I?"

"As much I would love to see your pretty mouth wrapped around my cock, there are some things I want to do with you first."

"You can do whatever you want with me, Sir," Dream replied eagerly.



“Oh, I know, sweetie, and what I want is to savor things for a bit. No more touching there, but you can hold me.” George leaned his head back, resting it on the back of the couch. Despite his growing need, he was genuinely pretty tired after a long flight and an anxious wait to meet up with Dream. It was good to relax for a moment, to be held by Dream and to pet him. The sex would be phenomenal, but in that moment, there was something so unimaginable about just getting to be there with his best friend (or lover?).

Dream sighed, wanting so much more, but he slid his head away from George’s cock, and rested it high on his thigh, still nuzzling into it. He wrapped his arms around George and squeezed him tight. Despite all the naughty thoughts running through his head, he could be content with what they were doing, for now.

## The Cockslut

Dream and George were half dozing, so settled and comfortable in the little slice of paradise they had created that nothing else mattered, until Patches reminded them that she existed.

She let out a soft meow, expecting that would be enough for Dream to pull his attention away, but he didn't move. A louder meow had the same lack of response. She became impatient and hopped up on the couch.

That was what started to bring them back to the present, and they both looked at the kitty as she carefully sniffed at George, before letting out a curious huff.

"Hello, Patches," George murmured, holding out his hand.

She was momentarily startled by this, but quickly regained her composure, and began to investigate George's dangling fingers. After a few moments of careful examination, she seemed satisfied, and climbed right up into George's lap, letting her body flop into Dream's sputtering face.

"Hi there!" George gasped, petting Patches gently.

Dream leaned back, wiping his face to rid it of the cat fur. "Looks like she likes you."

Patches turned her head around to see Dream starting to get off the floor and lept off of George's lap tidily, mission successful. She meowed again, walking towards her food dish, turning every few steps to check that Dream was still following.

Dream just looked back at George helplessly and trailed after her.

Having Dream away for a moment gave George time to breathe. Despite all of George's rigid control, he had wanted Dream in his arms as much (if not more) than Dream himself. Everything was happening so fast, and he worried that if he gave in and let himself go, he would go too far or take too much. He had been controlling himself so carefully, but he wanted so much from this man. He knew he could stop if Dream said no, but if they started fucking now, it would be a while before he *wanted* to stop.

After a few minutes, Dream meandered back over to the couch, unsure of what position to get in.

"Come here. Sit." George grabbed Dream's arm and gently pulled him down, guiding him until he was sitting right beside him. "I want to talk really fast."

Dream's face blanched as he sat. "What's up...?"

"Nothing bad!! I just wanted to check something, before we go any further."

"Oh! Yeah, go ahead."

George sighed, leaning his head back against the couch for a moment, trying to find a way to say it. "Dream... I know you have experienced a lot, sexually, but this is your first time doing something like this, right?"

"Yeah, I mean, technically."

"I guess... I want to... God, there is so much I want to do, but I don't want to spring too much on you at once."

Dream giggled a little, but tried to keep his composure. “George, please don’t worry about that, honestly. I trust you completely, and we have our safe word and our check ins, right? You are so careful with me, and I appreciate that, but please, *please*, let yourself go. I want to be *ruined*, Sir.”

George didn’t know how he had been so lucky. Not only was he getting to play with Dream, but he was into almost everything George was into. It was rare that things lined up so easily. George grinned despite himself, and said, “Good to know.” Then, George threw his leg over and straddled Dream, sitting right on his cock, before kissing him.

Dream gasped into George’s lips, but didn’t move besides that, waiting for permission.

“You learn so fast! But you can kiss me, baby,” George whispered, peppering Dream’s face with soft pecks, “Touch me.”

Dream didn’t need to be told twice. His arms shot out, wrapping around George’s slender torso in an instant and gathering him up. It felt like he didn’t have enough arm to hold George with, that there wasn’t enough skin for them to fully touch each other. He had never wanted someone this much, even though George was literally in his lap.

Their lips were practically fused together, and every movement sent sparks through both of them. George had tossed his hands behind Dream’s head, crossing his wrists at the neck, and he was grinding down, just to feel Dream’s body against his.

The making out got heavier and heavier, and soon their hands were everywhere. George was whispering encouragements to Dream, telling him that he could touch anywhere he wanted after being so good, and Dream was taking advantage. He ran his hands up George’s torso, under the shirt, and kissed down George’s neck. He found himself starting to push George to the couch, to guide, until fingers laced themselves in his hair and *yanked* him back.

“Needy boy,” George scolded, pushing Dream back into the couch.

“Sorry Sir,” Dream panted, “I just want it so badly.”

“I know, baby. Patience. We have time. Now, put your arms above your head.”

Dream did this without hesitation, eyes wide. He was sad that he couldn’t run his hands down George’s body in that moment, but George leaned in close to him, pressing their bodies together, holding Dream’s wrists with one hand, and pinning them behind Dream’s head.

George started to tease. Gentle kisses, excruciatingly slow, down the side of Dream’s neck. A single finger brushing across his chest. A slow roll of hips against his crotch. Dream was stunned by how much he *wanted*, and everything George was doing wasn’t enough. He bit the inside of his cheek, trying not to whimper, but it couldn’t stop the breathy sighs from escaping.

Then, George sank his teeth into the soft flesh of Dream’s neck, and he let out a yelp that became a moan half way through.

“Are you alright, baby?” George asked, pulling away a little.

“Yes, Sir, but *please*, I *need*...” Dream whined.

“Oh, you need?” George mimicked, giggling, “What do you need, sweetie?”

“You, Sir! I need *you* !”

“Do you, really?” George asked, playing dumb.

“Yes, Sir! Please, Sir! I can’t wait!” Dream was getting so impatient, and it was cute, so fun to watch, but George relented.

“Alright, well, if you're ready...”

“I’m ready!”

George smiled at Dream’s eagerness, but drew away, lying back on the couch. He threw one arm behind his head, so he could watch easier. Dream was sitting still, with George’s legs thrown across his lap, waiting patiently.

“You’re such a good boy, baby,” George cooed, “Now what was it you were planning to do earlier, when you kissed my jeans?”

“I was going to... Oh! Do you want me to...?”

“Yes, if you’re ready.”

“Oh, I’ve *been* ready, Sir.” Dream extracted himself from under George’s legs in a second, and flipped over, so that he could crawl up George’s body, running his hands up ahead of him. He was just so happy to touch. There was a small anxiety about sucking his first dick, but it was really only about the fear that he wouldn’t be good enough. He had absolutely no second thoughts about *wanting* to do it. That was certain.

Finally, his hands found the button of George’s pants, and he paused for a second, looking for approval. George grinned and nodded, clearly excited. He was holding back for the moment, letting Dream enjoy his reward at his pace.

In his excitement, Dream fumbled at the button, before finally opening it and the zipper. George was already hard, pushing against his underwear and partially popping out from the zipper hole. One last pull, and it was out, resting against George’s stomach. Dream paused, afraid to even touch it.

“Too fast, baby?” George asked, concern creasing his face.

“No! No... I just... What if I’m bad?”

George smiled softly and cupped Dream’s cheek, running a thumb up and down. “From what I’ve seen, you won’t be. Just go with your gut, and please don’t bite me.”

Dream sank into George’s hand, still so in awe that they could touch each other, and it gave him the confidence to at least try. If he was bad, George would teach him how to be better. He might be flippant, and he might mock Dream sometimes, but he was really gentle when Dream needed him to be.

“Okay,” Dream said, kissing George’s hand, “Thank you.” With that, he carefully caressed George’s cock in his fingers. That part was easy. He had given himself enough hand jobs to know how to do it, and so he focused on that, stroking up and down, running his thumb along the slit, and getting George all worked up. (And George was definitely getting worked up).

With a deep breath, he dropped his head low and brought his hand to the base. The slit was right in front of him, leaking precum, and he paused, for just a moment, before he finally decided to just do it. With a wide tongue, he licked the glans from one side, over the slit, and back down the other,

sliding back and forth a little as he did.

The noise that erupted from George was magnificent. A panting, spluttering moan that seized him from nowhere, because he hadn't been expecting it. "Dream!" he gasped.

Dream looked up, meeting George's big, expressive eyes, and did it again. This time he got to watch George's eyelids flutter, the way his back arched, and the fist clenching in his own hair.

So, Dream was doing something right, at least.

He licked again, but this time, from the base to the top, before sucking it into his mouth. As he started to bob down, George was practically writhing beneath him. Dream paid very close attention to his reactions and adjusted his efforts to cause George to make the most possible noise and to have the best responses.

Dream had been right when he said he liked it when George screamed.

All of that, and he hadn't even tried to deep throat yet. George was of a similar size to the dildo, maybe a bit longer, so Dream had practice at least, but the real thing was much different. George's cock was softer, and it also moved around a lot more.

Dream sank down as low as he could go, and then sank a little lower, until he gagged.

With that, George was fucking gone. The last shred of control was stripped away, and he grabbed Dream by his hair and started fucking his face. Dream relaxed his mouth open and became a hole for thrusting. He didn't expect to like it so much, but it was honestly amazing. He was definitely pleasing George, and *finally* they were getting a little rough.

That's why he was so sad that he had to tap out. He squeezed George's leg to get his attention, and tapped it three times.

George let him go immediately, and Dream pulled off, drawing in a huge, gasping breath.

"Are you alright?" George asked, eyes wide with panic.

A stupid, fucked out grin blossomed on Dream's face. "Oh yeah, I'm fuckin' great. I just needed to breathe. Do it again, please?"

George couldn't help but laugh. "Such an eager little cockslut, aren't you? Begging for me to fuck your face again like that."

"Only for you, Sir," Dream replied, getting back into position.

"You're such a good boy," George murmured.

Dream smiled and sucked the cock back into his mouth. George gave him a little bit of time to adjust, before thrusting wildly again. This time, he made sure to pull Dream all the way off every few pumps, so he could breathe.

It worked perfectly, and Dream was absolutely loving it. He hadn't been kidding when he said that he wanted to be a fuck toy, and George was so good to him, even as he ruined Dream's face.

Dream had no control over the movements of his head, but he still tried to match George. He started to pick up on George's rhythm and contributed as best he could. When George pulled him up, he would clamp his lips around George's dick and suck. When George slammed him back

down, he would relax, and open his teeth as wide as they would go, while loosening his lips just enough to go down.

Thank goodness he had some practice, because soon he was going to the base with every round, pressing his nose to George's crotch with every thrust. It was driving George wild, especially every time Dream would gag, just a little, without needing to tap out. Finally, it started to be too much, and George started to lose it.

"Oh, fuck, baby, I'm getting so close!" George gasped, hips bucking wildly. "I'm gonna cum!"

"Mmmm?" Dream hummed, sucking harder in anticipation.

"Ahh- ahh- yes- just- ahh- FUCK!!" George moaned, before slamming Dream's head down and cumming down his throat. At the last second, George pulled his head back up again, and a shot of cum hit Dream's cheek.

After a moment to catch his breath, George asked, "You need to spit, sweetie?"

"Um... I already sort of swallowed it..." Dream replied sheepishly.

"You did? Wow, you are such a good boy!" George's thumb traced the side of Dream's cheek, gathering the cum there to clean it off, but Dream turned his head, staring with wide eyes, and popped the thumb into his mouth, sucking lightly.

"Thank you, Sir," he replied, letting the thumb go. "Did... Was... Did I do good...?"

George couldn't help but laugh. "Oh baby, you're a natural, and you did amazing." He cupped a cheek with each hand and drew Dream in for a kiss, gathering him into his arms, and held him there.

# Toy

## Chapter Notes

(The end of chapter notes has toy examples. <3)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I think you deserve a reward for that,” George said, once they finally pulled away from the kiss. He leaned back against the couch again, letting himself come down from his rather intense orgasm.

Dream was laying his head on George’s chest, enjoying some wonderful head petting and cuddling into the man he had just sucked dry. “Yeah?”

“Yeah, definitely. There is so much fun I can have with you... But, remember what you told me about discovering your prostate?”

Dream sat up a little, looking up at George as he gazed at the ceiling. “Yeah...”

“And how you wanted to try just fucking it again and again to see what would happen?”

“Yeah...” Dream was getting excited now, not sure if this was real. George was big into control, wouldn’t this be the opposite?

“Well, I could show you what would happen, if you want?”

“Yes, Sir! *Please* , Sir!”

“Alright, just remember, you asked for it.” George gave him a devilish grin and pushed on Dream.

“Thank you, Sir, thank you so much!” Dream replied, getting up immediately. He even offered George a hand to help pull him up.

“Don’t thank me yet, baby.” George led him out of the living room, toward the back of the house. Dream pointed out the bedroom, and George led him inside, pushing him onto the bed. “Sit. Don’t move.”

“Yes, Sir!” Dream sat as still as he possibly could, to where George might have thought it was sarcastic if he didn’t know better.

With Dream in place, George meandered back into the front to grab his suitcase, which he had packed full of goodies. He unzipped the bag, revealing an array of toys, lube, condoms, and gloves, and rifled around until he found the pair of handcuffs. They were soft, flexible, and made of comfy fabric with a simple velcro strap. They were meant to hold a person really well, but they were easy to take off, even if you were wearing them.

Dream’s eyes widened slightly, but he didn’t move.

“Take off your clothes, baby,” George murmured, twirling the cuffs in his fingers.

In his haste to be nude, Dream got caught in his shirt for a moment, so desperate for sex and to

please that he forgot how to work his limbs. Once he righted himself, the rest of his clothes came off easily, until he was completely nude in front of George, cock already hard and waiting.

For a moment, George was stunned by the sight. Dream was a very attractive man, and this body was *his* to play with. Delight colored his features as he took it all in, slowly scanning Dream in his entirety.

“Sir, please,” Dream whined, blushing from head to toe, “You’re staring.”

“I’m staring at a beautiful man and a toy I can’t *wait* to fuck.”

Dream’s legs wobbled a little. “T-thank you, s-sir.”

“Of course, baby. Now, lie back, arms up” George crossed the distance between them and pushed on Dream’s chest. When Dream finished getting into position, George cuffed his hands together (quickly showing him how to get out in case of emergency), and got up again. “Don’t move, sweetie.”

Dream lay very still, anticipation making him grow even more. He could hear George rustling around, but didn’t have a good angle to see. He wondered how big the dildo would be...

George returned with a toy Dream had never seen before. It was black, with a clear “dick” part, but it was sort of shaped like an L. There was a part that came straight off the dildo, perpendicularly, but he wasn’t exactly sure what it was for.

“This, baby, is a present I bought, just for you. No one has ever used it before, and it’s going to be all yours. Are you ready?”

“Yes, sir, I’m *so* ready.”

Before George did anything with the new toy, however, he started to secure Dream down even more. A rope looped through the center of the handcuffs, and George tied them to the bed frame. Another set of handcuffs wrapped around his ankles, and he tied each of them to the bed frame too, so that Dream was spread wide in front of him.

“Perfect,” George murmured, scanning the body beneath him in appreciation. “Now, what’s your safe word, Dream.”

“It’s ‘dox,’ Sir.”

“And when can you use it?”

“Whenever I need to.”

“Good. And please do use it, if you need to, this is going to be a lot to handle.”

“I promise, I will use it if I need to, Sir.”

George smiled. “Good boy.” As a final measure, he propped Dream up with a pillow, just a little, so he could watch.

With everything in place, George pulled on a clean glove and lubed his fingers thoroughly, mostly so he could watch Dream’s hungry eyes tracing every movement they made. It was fun to make him wait, especially with how needy he got, and the little whimpers that would slip out occasionally. Dream was good though, and he was learning quickly, so he didn’t actually say



anything. He just waited patiently.

“You’re doing so well, baby, and you learn so fast, don’t you?” With that, George finally pressed a finger against Dream’s asshole.

For a moment, Dream clenched shut, out of habit, but then he relaxed as much as he could, desperately wanting George to be inside him.

The first finger went in with barely any resistance, sliding right in to the base in one try. George leaned into Dream’s body, curling the finger up as he did, and started to trace slow circles around the prostate.

Dream let out little breathy sounds, clenching down on the digit inside of him, as he tried not to move.

“You like that, sweetie?” George asked, pushing a little farther and rubbing a little harder.

“Yes, Master, I love it,” Dream gasped. He pulled on the handcuffs, just to ground himself a little, to help keep control.

“Don’t hold back, then. I want to hear how much you love it. I want to see it.”

“Ahhnnn.... Yes, Sir. Anything- oh!! for you, ahhhh, Master.” Dream relaxed, and stopped fighting himself. It was a lot more fun to watch. His whole body twitched with every pass of George’s finger, and he tried to get closer, though the cuffs stopped him from getting very far. Instead of breathy little sounds, it was long moans and choppy yelps overtaking him.

George smiled, absolutely delighted. After one finger, Dream was already a squirming mess. They had barely gotten started! Oh, George was going to have so much fun with him. “Good boy. Let it all out. I want to see exactly how I am making you feel. Don’t hold back *anything* .”

“Yes... Sir...” Dream panted.

George added a second finger, scissoring them back and forth to get the hole wider, before starting to pump them in and out, which caused Dream to sputter a bunch of delighted nonsense and throw his head back. He was really writhing now, trying to get more, to get even closer to the edge. At this rate, he might cum before George even got the toy in.

A third finger, and Dream actually screamed. He threw his head back into the pillow, back arched, and cried out with how good it was. In his pleasure, he forgot all protocol, and he just started babbling, “George, yes, George, oh George, yes, thank you, George, yes, please, more, George, George, George!”

Honestly, it really pleased the man in question. He let Dream ramble for a while, savoring the sound of his name dripping from Dream’s lips, an uncontrolled pleasure stream labeled after him, but he couldn’t actually let it slide. He pulled his fingers out.

Dream *whined* , desperately, and rocked his hips towards George’s body, even though he couldn’t move very far. “George, *please* , whyyyyyyy?”

“What’s my name, baby?”

“Oh, fuck! I’m so sorry, Sir, I’m so sorry! It just felt *so* good, and I just was so happy it was *you* doing it. Please, forgive me! Please!”

“Oh, I know it was an accident, but you still have to learn, honey. We’re going to have to edge before you can cum.”

“But, *Siiiiiiir*,” Dream whined, trying to pull himself towards George.

“If you want, I could just edge you for the whole night until you can’t remember either of our names?”

Dream stopped fighting his bindings and lay back immediately. “No, Sir. I’ll be good.”

“I know you will.”

George slid the three fingers back in without much warning, just to see what Dream would do. At first, Dream just moaned wantonly, but didn’t use words. As George pushed though, specific sounds started to come through, “Ah! Yes! Fuck! AHHNN!” Finally, George started to scissor them all in a wave, which caused what George had been hoping for. “Oh, GOD, yes, MASTER, yes, thank you Master, oh oh OH that feels so GOOD Master!”

“There’s my good boy! I think you’ve earned this now,” George murmured, waving the black dildo in Dream’s line of vision.

“Thank you, Master!”

George carefully withdrew his fingers, tossing the glove in a nearby trash can, before lubing up the new toy. With all the preparation, it slid in easily, practically being sucked in until it reached the base.

When it was all the way in, Dream was confused. It fit against him like a glove, but that meant it couldn’t really move. The tip was resting against his prostate, but the bottom part of the L was resting against his perineum, so it didn’t seem to be something that would work well for fucking. Besides, why would George buy a dildo when Dream already had one?

“Oh, Dream!” George said, interrupting his train of thought, “I forgot to mention something.”

“Yeah?”

“This is a prostate massager, baby. It vibrates.” With that, George turned it on.

For a moment, Dream was completely silent, so gripped by the waves of pleasure pulsing through him that he couldn’t even make a sound. (He would later realize that he had never bothered to use a vibrator on himself before, so he really didn’t have any way to predict how good it would be.) He bucked against it, managing to make things even better (or worse) as it moved inside him.

Slowly, the vibrations decreased, and he managed to adjust to it over time. Though it still felt good, it wasn’t absolutely ruining him anymore. After gasping in a shaky breath, he moaned, so loud and so long, it almost sounded like a musical note he was practicing.

George was laughing at him. “Maybe going to the highest setting right off the bat was too much, but oh my GOD that was fun to watch.”

“*Maaaaaster*,” Dream whimpered, “I wasn’t ready for *that* !”

“Did you like it?” George asked, eyebrow raised.

“Yes…”

“That’s what I thought,” George teased, but he turned it down to the lowest setting, the barest whisper of vibration, and left him there.

Dream watched, shaking slightly whenever the massager touched the right place, as George finally stripped. George was smaller than him, skinnier, weaker, but Dream would submit to him any day, because he *wanted* to. There was something so deeply powerful about knowing that you could physically overpower your Master, but being so obedient and under His control that you just... didn’t.

It also helped that George was fucking *hot* .

George returned to the bed, completely nude, and lay his body across Dream’s, one long line of connected skin. Dream shivered at so much skin to skin contact, and it was more satisfying than the vibrator against his g-spot.

“Thank you, Sir,” he whispered.

“For what?”

“Just... thank you.”

George smiled and kissed Dream gently on the lips, running fingers down his naked torso as he did. “You’re welcome.”

For a while, George didn’t do anything with the massager. It was there, buzzing away, and it was sending little shocks through Dream’s body, but it wasn’t enough for any real stimulation.

Instead, George just started to touch Dream all over. He traced rosy lines up and down Dream’s skin, he kissed every hollow and every swell, and, sometimes, he would nip at sensitive areas, just for the tiny breath hitch that it would elicit.

Dream expected himself to want more, to be frustrated at the lack of sensation, but George was *touching* him, and there was *just* enough stimulation now. Something about being skin to skin like this, feeling everything but not able to do anything, was soothing and wonderful, especially now that George wasn’t teasing. It was enough, and he could tell it was building.

George’s hands kept getting closer and closer to Dream’s cock, which was half mast and resting on his thigh. The massager was doing just enough to keep him a little horny, but not enough to maintain a full erection, though, as George’s hand kept getting closer, the anticipation started to get it to react, hardening little by little between them.

Finally, George’s fingers brushed against the head of Dream’s cock, and he adjusted his position. It ended with George still lying mostly on top of Dream, but with one knee between his legs, resting right against the massager, but not moving.

“Are you ready?” George asked.

“Yes, Sir, I’m ready.”

“Good.”

The vibration increased, and Dream bucked a little, which only increased the feeling. George’s knee pushed the massager deeper and moved it around, and it became a loop that fed itself. Dream would writhe against the pleasure, George’s knee would hold the toy in place, and it would just make it feel even better. He was fully hard now, his dick moving with him and starting to leak.

“I think someone is enjoying himself,” George taunted, in a sing-song tone, taking Dream’s cock in his hand and running a thumb along the shaft.

“Oohhhhhhh, Sir, I am, thank you.” Dream was trying to thrust now, almost forgetting he wouldn’t be allowed to cum right away.

“You’ll let me know when you are getting close, right?”

Damn. “Of course, Sir...”

George’s grip on Dream’s cock increased ever so slightly, enough to send a thread of fear through Dream’s body. “I wouldn’t want to have to punish you for being bad.”

“I promise, I will tell you, Sir!”

“Good boy!” With that, George continued his stroking, not really a handjob so much as just playing with Dream’s penis.

It didn’t matter to Dream though. Being tied down, at George’s mercy, with a vibrator in his ass, George touching him everywhere, and he was already struggling not to cum. If he hadn’t accidentally said George’s name earlier, he would probably have finished right there. It was creeping up on him, but he didn’t want to get close. He didn’t want it to be all taken away.

He didn’t want to be punished either though, and when George started to rub Dream and press against the massager at the same time, it started to hit him.

“FUCK! Sir, please, you have to stop, I’m gonna cum!” Dream gasped, trying to pull away.

George dropped Dream’s cock and carefully pulled the massager out, away from his prostate, and Dream whimpered despite himself. He was practically shaking, and he had to fight himself from wiggling his hips, desperate for just a little more feeling to get him over the edge.

“Oh, poor wittle bay beeee,” George teased, “Really wants his cummies, huh?”

“Yes, I would like cummies very much, please...”

“Don’t worry, little one. You’ll get them eventually, probably, but for now, let’s have some fun.”

Dream really didn’t like the devilish grin he was given at that (and he wasn’t sure how much “fun” he could take), but he didn’t have a lot of time to think about it. George was kissing him again, following the line of his leg, up his torso, across his chest, and back down, to help him get back away from the edge, and it was so distracting, especially since his cock was *begging* for attention. Every time George even got close, Dream could almost feel it try to move towards him.

“I think you’re ready for round two,” George said, finally.

“How many rounds will there be, do you think, Sir?”

“As many as I feel like.”

“O-okay.”

George lay a final kiss, tauntingly, right next to where Dream’s dick lay, and slid the vibrator back inside.

“Oh FUCK, Master, PLEASE,” Dream cried, bucking immediately. He hadn’t even gotten to

finish, but he was so sensitive already, leaking onto his stomach and thigh in an instant as he thrashed around.

George just wedged his knee between Dream's legs again, and started to kiss back up Dream's body. This time, however, when he nipped, it was harder, until he was biting, leaving little indentations all over Dream's torso. Every time George's teeth sank into his flesh, Dream would throw his head back, practically howling with it, but when George let go, Dream would meet his gaze and beg for *more*.

Dream was pretty far gone.

George was loving it though. Dream was fully in subspace, eyes semi-glazed over, and he was so responsive. Everything George did elicited some delicious reaction, and he was so needy too. George had often imagined what it would be like to play with Dream, but he had never allowed the fantasy to be this *good*.

Dream interrupted George's delicious daydreaming with a long whine, saying, "Sir, please, please, I'm gonna cum. Please, let me cum!"

"Hmmm..." George pretended to think about it while reaching down to the toy. As he pulled it out, he said, "No, I don't think I'm going to let you cum yet."

"Please, Sir, please!" Dream wailed, "I've been so good. I'll *be* so good! Just please, please, please, let me cum, PLEASE."

"Oh, you beg so good for me, like the little slut you are, but I think you can go a little longer."

"*Please...*" Dream whispered.

George was worried for a moment, and so he moved to where he could see Dream's blown out eyes. "Check-in?"

Dream thought for a moment, before finally smiling. "Green."

"You sure?"

"Yes."

"Alright, edging it is!" George laughed, and went back to his earlier position, slipping the toy back inside, but leaving it off for a moment. "You are so much fun to play with, baby. So noisy for me."

"Thank you, Sir."

"You're welcome."

The vibrations came back, and Dream was lost again. He was almost thankful for the handcuffs, because pulling on them kept him from completely spinning out at the pleasure of it all. So did George's careful, and sometimes deliciously painful, ministrations.

George seemed to be aiming for hickey's by that point. Instead of just sinking his teeth in, he was sucking, drawing the skin in until it was almost too much to take, before letting it go. Dream didn't mind for a second. He wanted *more*. He almost wanted to do a face reveal, covered in marks from George, just to show them off (but he wouldn't).

The edges were getting closer together now, and it was only a minute or two before Dream, against

his own wishes, told George that he was about to cum again, his voice wavering.

“Good boy,” George replied, turning the massager off.

Dream almost wanted to cry. The only thing that was keeping him together was the idea that he was going to get to cum at some point, and it was going to be amazing. He just wasn’t sure when that was, or how much longer he could do this. He didn’t have it in him to beg anymore, though.

“Now, baby, I think you might have learned your lesson, and you have been so very good since then. I think you are close to earning your release. How about one more edge, and then I will let you cum as much as you want. Does that sound good?”

“Yes, Sir, it sounds so good, I’ll be *so* good for you, whatever you want, please, please, please, I just want to be good for you.” Dream babbled.

“I know, sweetie. You are such a good boy for me.”

“Thank you, Master, thank you.”

George flipped it back on, and set it a little higher. Dream’s entire body arched against it, pulling against all the handcuffs at once, practically seizing against the sensation. Fuck, he was so sensitive. He wasn’t going to last this time, but he would get to cum next time. He could make it through one more edge.

“Sir, I’m gonna-”

George pulled the toy all the way out this time, not even letting Dream finish his sentence. Dream shook with every inch, and a single tear leaked out of him. He had been *so* close. His breathing was shaky and weak, but he was afraid to beg without being asked. He didn’t want to do anything that might delay his orgasm a second longer.

His body started to adjust and recover, and he sank back into the bed. George was running his hands up and down his body, soothingly, helping him through, and it was really calming. George was so good to him.

“You’ve been so good for me. I know how hard it was, but you handled it so well, and I am so proud of you. Are you ready to cum?”

“Yes, Master, thank you,” Dream whispered, barely able to speak.

“Good.”

George was extra careful and slow that time. Instead of just shoving it all back inside, he let it slide in, bit by bit, sinking in excruciatingly slow. Once it was as far in as it could go, he turned it on to the lowest setting, watching Dream for his reaction, and bumped it up, one level at a time.

Dream would have begged for more, but the slow approach was actually feeling really good. It wasn’t some cruel attempt to get him there as soon as possible, only to yank it away. This held the promise of real release, and the build was George swearing that this one was going to be it.

He let himself relax into it, shocks and shivers bursting along his nerves. He was quieter than the last several times he had gotten close, but only because the approach was deliciously slow, and he was finally allowed to savor every sensation as it passed through him.

“You’re so good at this, Sir,” Dream murmured, twisting in the sheets.

“I know.” George wrapped a hand around Dream’s cock, which had been rather neglected for a while, and started stroking, slowly at first, but picking up pace with the vibrations between his legs.

With all of this combined Dream was getting really worked up. He wanted to cum so badly, and it was getting close, and George just kept going. He pressed against the toy, rubbing it up and down, he kissed all over Dream’s needy body, and he pumped on Dream’s cock as it leaked all over his hand. He built everything at once, and Dream was lost to it.

Finally, he started to really get there. He moaned, and started to beg despite himself. “Sir, I’m getting close. Please, can I cum this time? Please? I’ve been so good for you, and I just want to show you how amazing this all was. Please, can I cum? Please?”

“You’re getting close?” George asked.

Dream blinked for a moment, but decided not to be sarcastic. “Yes, Master, I’m so close!”

“And you want to cum?”

“Master, *please* . I want to cum for *you* . Please let me cum for you!”

George leaned in close, right by Dream’s ear, still stroking his cock and playing with the toy. “Cum for me, baby. You’ve been so good. Cum.” With that, he sank his teeth into Dream’s shoulder, and turned everything up.

Dream’s orgasm was explosive. One of the best he had ever had. It grabbed his whole body and shook him around, and he was absolutely helpless to stop it. All of those edges had been worth it, just to feel all of the pleasure that had built up coursing out now. The entire time, he was crying out, fighting his bindings, bucking wildly beneath George as he tried to stay on.

Finally, he was spent, and he collapsed against the mattress, aftershocks causing little twitches to pass across his body. The vibrator was still going, at a lower setting, but George had let his cock go, just leaving kisses and soothing touches all over Dream’s scalding hot body.

“That feel good?” George asked, between soft kisses to Dream’s skin.

Dream could barely breathe or speak, but he managed, “Mmhmm!”

“I’m so glad to hear it.”

The vibrations started to ramp up again, and Dream jumped. It felt good, but almost *too* good. He whimpered and tried to pull away, but he couldn’t get very far.

“Where are you going, baby?” George asked, innocently, pressing the toy in deeper.

“Too... much...” Dream gasped, quivering.

“Oh? I thought you wanted to be fucked in the ass until you couldn’t anymore. Do you need to tap out?”

“Ahh... Sir, I’m... Too... much...”

George turned the vibrations down, letting Dream have a moment to clear his head, before requesting a, “Check in.”

“G-green...”

“Perfect.” He turned the toy back on, causing Dream to cry out and bend away from it, whining so prettily.

There weren't a lot of places for Dream to escape to, bound as he was, so he was stuck with the massager sending shocks and sensation throughout his body. It was so sensitive that it was almost painful, but it also kind of felt good. George was being so gentle everywhere else, with brushes of delicate fingers and soft lips on Dream's overheated skin, and all of it was getting Dream hard again. He had never managed to get hard again so fast after cumming. Despite the enjoyment, it was still *so much*. He writhed and bucked and twisted, trying to give his poor prostate a break, just for a second, but all he did was stimulate it even more.

The noises that escaped him were absolutely delicious. None of them were even close to words by that point. Just choked out cries, sharp breaths, and mumbled nonsense punctuated by moans. George got a little distracted by this, lost in watching Dream just lose himself to the overwhelming sensation of it all.

After a few moments of just enjoying Dream's needy sounds, George came back to himself. He started to lazily stroke Dream's cock, which was leaking like crazy. As he did this, Dream's voice went up by an octave, and he jerked around desperately.

“S- Si- ir.” Dream gasped, “I'm- cum-”

“Cum for me then, baby. You've earned it.”

Dream's entire body seized, and he shook back down the bed, hips bouncing against the massager and George's hand in tandem. The moan that came out of him was half-strangled and intermittent, as his voice cut in and out. George was kind and turned the massager down, which caused the moan to become one long sound, singing his pleasure to the ceiling and going through at least a full octave of notes, until finally, he fully collapsed, barely able to move.

The massager was still vibrating on its lowest setting, and Dream started to whine again.

“You okay, sweetie?” George asked.

“Yeah... Just... A lot...” Dream panted, chest heaving with the effort of helping him breathe again.

“You need a minute?”

“Yes... Please...”

George turned the massager off completely, but didn't take it out for fear of even more overstimulation, and let go of Dream's now limp cock. “Can I lie with you? Or do you need to not be touched?”

“Touch... Good...”

“Okay.” George curled himself into Dream's supine body and wrapped around it, holding him close. He whispered soothing things about how good Dream was doing and stroked Dream's flushed skin.

They lay there for a while, at peace with each other and relaxing after an intense experience, until suddenly, Dream started laughing.

“What?”



Dream was laughing too hard to speak for a few moments, and had to take some time to regain composure before he finally managed to say, “I can’t believe we just did that. Oh my God, George! I never thought you had it in you!”

“Hey!!” George playfully slapped Dream’s chest. “I’m going to have to get you for that!”

“No, I don’t mean like I thought you were bad in bed. I just never even imagined what we could do together, and what you could do to me.”

“Honey, do you think this is all we are going to do tonight? Like if you need to stop, we can stop, but I have more plans for us.”

Dream’s eyes went wide. “You do...?”

“You can tap out at any time, if you need to.”

“No, no... I can handle it.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, I’m sure.”

“Well, since you are all feisty and recovered, I think we should get back to it.” George stretched and unraveled himself from Dream’s side, returning to his earlier position. With a devious grin, he turned the toy back on and pressed it in.

Dream practically shot through the ceiling. “Yel- low, Ye- llow, Yell- oh!!!” He cried out, voice choppy and breaking.

George switched it off immediately, and Dream crumpled into the mattress.

“Baby, are you okay?” George asked, afraid to touch Dream, who was shaking slightly.

“Yeah... Just... tap... out...”

“Yeah, of course, baby! No worries! Anything you need...” George felt a little bad. Had he pushed Dream too hard?

“Sir... I’m... okay...!” Dream rolled his head around and grinned at George drunkenly.

“Okay. Thank you.” George returned the smile. “Now, is this a pause or a stop?”

Dream thought about it for a moment, testing the bindings and himself. “Pause.”

“Alright, then I’m going to get you some water to drink and then we’ll cuddle for a while, okay?”

“Okay.”

## Chapter End Notes

Also, for reference, [these are the kind handcuffs I am thinking of. And the prostate massager.](#)

These are AMAZON links btw.

## Aftercare

Dream hadn't realized how dehydrated he was until George brought him that glass of water. He chugged it all down in one go, finishing with gasping breaths. "Why was I *so* thirsty?"

"Because you have been screaming off and on for a while, baby," George replied, laughing. "Do you want to stay tied down during the pause?"

Dream blushed deep red. "Yes..."

"Kinky boy," George teased, tugging on an ankle restraint. "You sure you're doing alright?"

"Yeah, I'm okay, honestly. Don't worry about me. It was just a lot, but we stopped and I'm all good now. Thank you, for checking and caring and stuff."

George cupped Dream's cheek, running a thumb along his lips. Dream's eyes went wide in a second, and he leaned into the touch. "Anything for you, baby," George murmured.

"Can... Can I make a request?" Dream asked.

"Yeah, of course!"

"Um... Can you lie on top of me again...? That was... cool."

Dream expected George to laugh at him for being needy or weird, but George just smiled, agreed, and clamored on top of Dream's body, until they were touching, skin to skin, from shoulders to legs. Dream let out a sigh as George wrapped his arms around him, savoring the sensation of George's weight on his body.

"I love you, George." Dream's eyes bugged out. It had just kind of sighed out of him, without him even realizing what was happening. He had been so lost in contentment, it was like he had been possessed.

George sat up a little, meeting Dream's terrified gaze, examining it for something. His expression softened, melted even, and he kissed Dream on the lips, slowly, passionately.

Dream disintegrated. There was love in this kiss, a tenderness that was so beautiful that it almost hurt him. A tear leaked down his cheek, and he wasn't sure why. He had just spent the last however long getting fucked and bitten, but this hit him harder than any of it.

Had George felt it too?

Eventually, George pulled away, blush tinging his cheeks. "I love you too, Dream," he murmured, without a moment's hesitation.

Another tear leaked from Dream's eye without his consent, and George saw it. He leaned down again, kissing the tear away. Then, he left tiny kisses across Dream's face before reconnecting their lips, holding Dream's head in his hands.

Finally, George let go, panting slightly. A grin split his face, pure and happy. "If you had told me this was where I would be a month ago, I wouldn't have believed it."

"Neither would I! And I was the one asking for it!"

George lay himself back on top of Dream, sighing contentedly. "It's perfect though."

"Yeah, it is."

They lay like that for a while, just relaxing and enjoying each other. George was running fingers up and down Dream's torso, and Dream was fiddling with his bindings. He didn't want to be freed yet, but he kind of wanted to touch George back.

Finally, Dream felt recovered, and he started to want again. They had done so much together, but they hadn't done the one thing that he had been thinking of since they first started talking about it. "Master... I think I'm ready to keep going."

George pushed himself up all the way, until he was sitting on Dream's hips. "We don't have to keep going, baby. Honestly, no pressure."

"I *want* to keep going, Sir. I want you inside of me. Please?"

"How could I possibly say no to that, especially when you ask so nicely? Do you think you're ready, though?"

"Yes, absolutely."

"Alright, hold on. Let's test that theory."

The prostate massager was still inside Dream's ass, though it had been off since Dream had called yellow. George had been afraid to take it out, because Dream was so oversensitive at the time. With a careful grip, he gently pulled the toy out.

Dream shuddered slightly, but he seemed to be alright.

George didn't take it on faith, of course, and asked, "Was that okay?"

"Yes, Master, it was just fine, but I really want you to fuck me now, please?"

"Are you sure? I mean we have done a lot today. Maybe it would be better to wait?" George teased.

"Please, Sir, please! I'm ready. I want your cock inside me more than anything in the world! PLEASE?"

George really couldn't resist that, could he? "Alright, baby, alright, but I'm going to free your legs, okay? I want to feel you tighten them around my waist."

Dream only nodded as George deftly undid the knots at his ankles. When free, he gave his legs a few test movements, but they were a little shaky and weak. He smiled at George sheepishly.

George smiled back and gently grabbed one of Dream's ankles, kissing up the calf and thigh, across the hips, and down the other leg. "You are doing so well baby."

"Thank you, Sir."

"Are you ready for me?"

"Absolutely, Sir."

George grabbed a condom and slid it down his growing length, slowly and carefully, watching

Dream's eyes trace the condom as it went. It was amazing that little things like that would get Dream's full, desperate attention, and it was so fun to make him wait. One day he would have to see how long he could deny Dream and tease him before it drove him too wild, but George didn't have the patience in that moment. He definitely wanted to fuck Dream's ass, and he had been sure he was going to have to hold off. Now that Dream was begging so prettily, how could he be expected to wait?

Once the condom was on, he didn't hesitate. He lined himself up with Dream's shuttering hole, and pressed the tip against it, testing the waters.

Dream was already pulling himself towards George, desperate to have him inside. Just the tip was already filling him with warm, needy feelings. A vibrating massager had been great (really great), but nothing would compare to being able to have George inside of him.

He couldn't tell if George was teasing or just being considerate as he slowly slid himself inside, inch by inch. It was probably some combination of the two, going by George's face, which was half teasing and half afraid.

"Don't worry, Sir, I can take it," Dream murmured, staring up at George.

"Fuck, Dream," George moaned, "you know me too well." With that, he pushed himself all the way in, sighing as their bodies touched.

Dream had expected to get fucked into the bed from the start, but George started slowly. Not to tease, but to savor. He leaned into Dream, bringing himself close enough to kiss everywhere, to run fingers along Dream's skin. It was so soft and sweet, and Dream sighed, eyes slipping closed with contentment.

Dream expected teasing to last forever, for George to go slowly, barely moving until Dream begged himself silly, but apparently, George had run out of patience. He must have needed it as much as Dream did, because he started thrusting harder, pulling himself almost all the way out before plowing his way back down.

The over sensitivity had passed, thankfully, but he was still a bit tender. He knew he was going to be sore later, but he didn't care. He wanted it, honestly. Telling George to stop didn't cross his mind for even a moment. The only thing he could do was cry out and beg for it. He was completely lost to it at this point, and the only thing he knew was George's cock pounding his ass.

The sensuality had been wonderful, but this was what was going to get him back to the edge he had been chasing, and sometimes falling off of, all evening. His body almost didn't want to do it, didn't want to let him get close, but he wanted one more, if George would let him.

George's grip on his hips was delicious and tight like a vice. Dream returned the favor by wrapping his legs around George's hips, adjusting himself so George could get in even deeper.

"Fuck, sweetie, you are so good, so eager for me. I'm getting close!" George gasped, starting to lose the rhythm.

"Me too, Sir. Can I please cum again? Please?"

"God, yes, I want to feel it from the inside. Cum for me, baby, cum for me." George was gripping even harder now, trying desperately to hold out just a little longer so that Dream could finish first.

It took a little while, after cumming so much, his body not sure if it would even be able to, but finally, with a little help from George's soft hands, he got there. The second he started cumming,

he was oversensitive again. He whined, struggling uselessly and clenching against George's cock. Thankfully, it wasn't as bad as it had been earlier, especially since George's dick couldn't vibrate.

George finished close after, spasming as he pumped cum into the condom. It felt so fucking good, especially as Dream's body reacted to the continued stimulation. With a few final strokes to get the last of it out, he allowed himself to collapse, resting his head on Dream's chest.

They lay in the aftermath for a long time, both panting into each other. George was still inside, and Dream really didn't want him to pull out. He wanted them to be connected, body to body, anchored to each other, for as long as possible. There was something so right about it, especially considering their usual distance. Thankfully, George seemed to be in the same mindset.

Eventually, though, they did have to break apart. George pulled himself out of Dream, tossed the condom, and walked around the bed to where Dream's arms were still bound.

"You could leave me tied here a little longer, Sir," Dream said.

"I know I could, but it's not safe, and I think we need to rest now, okay?"

"Okay..."

"We have so much more time to play, don't worry. The sight of you, bound and writhing isn't one that will leave my brain soon, so we will *definitely* be doing it again, if you want to."

"Thank you, Sir. And I do want to."

George gently cupped Dream's cheek. "You can use my name now, if you want. I'm declaring the scene over."

"I dunno... George," Dream laughed, "I might have a hard time using your name after you taught me that lesson!"

George sighed, eyes glazing over wistfully. "That was a lot of fun. I would love to do that to you again. You edge so prettily, baby."

"Thank you, Ma- uh, George."

"I swear, if you call Master or Sir on a stream, I'm quitting YouTube."

"I won't! I promise!"

"It might be easier if you weren't still bound to the bed." With that, George leaned over, untied the rope, and pulled his arms forward.

For the first time in hours, Dream moved his shoulders all the way back down and bent his elbows easily. Even before George could take off the handcuffs, Dream was stretching and adjusting. Being tied down was great, but being able to move freely was also pretty great sometimes.

After giving Dream a few minutes to move around, George gently captured Dream's wrists, kissing his palms and fingers gently as he pulled the velcro apart, and following the line of his hands to brush his lips along the redness from being bound. He followed this with gentle massaging of Dream's hands, trying to help them feel better from being limited for so long.

"You're so good to me, Georgie," Dream murmured, eyes slipping closed.

"I try."

Dream allowed himself to fully relax into the bed, so calmed by George's gentle ministrations that he could have fallen asleep. He might have, except for his stomach's sudden need to announce itself, growling right by George's ear.

"Do you think you can stand, honey?" George asked, pulling away from his hands.

"Ummm.... I dunno. Let me check." Dream swung his legs off the bed well enough, but when he tried to put weight on them, they wobbled like a calf's, and he collapsed back to the sheets. "I guess not..."

"That's okay. I got this. You wait here, and I will make everything better." George cupped Dream's cheeks and kissed him silly, before wandering out of the room.

Dream just kind of flopped back onto the bed. Despite his hunger, he was strangely tired. What they had done was pretty intense, but he used to play sports, so shouldn't he be able to handle the physical effort of a long scene?

George returned after a few minutes with his arms laden with what appeared to be towels and other things that Dream couldn't identify. "Alright, food will happen soon, don't worry. For now, let's help you out with this."

"With what?"

"Oh, I guess you can't see it..." George blushed a bit, setting the bundles of towels on the bed. "I might have gone a little wild..." He couldn't even meet Dream's gaze as he handed the man his phone.

"Gone wild? What do you mean?"

"Just look..."

Dream gave George a quizzical look, but pulled up the camera app. It opened to his stunned face, which was enough to throw him. His eyes were blown out wide, his face red, and his hair a halo of mess from all his wriggling. That was almost enough, but then he caught something at the edge of the frame, something... purple.

He tipped the camera down, revealing a constellation of hickeys. It looked like a fancy, amethyst necklace, with jewels resting in a circle around his neck and dripping down his chest in a random pattern. They were all different shades, some so faint that Dream was sure they wouldn't last the night, and others already so dark that it would take weeks to heal.

"*Fuuuuuuuck*," he moaned, "This is so fucking hot George, honestly. I didn't even realize you were biting that hard, but I *love* them." The camera flashed a few times, as Dream positioned himself this way and that, trying to catch them all. Some climbed so high up his neck that he had to stretch it up, like he was offering it up for more.

"Really?" George asked, blushing harder. "Not too much?"

"Absolutely not, Georgie. I'm *yours*. I *want* you to mark me." Dream smiled, holding his hand out.

George took it, and let himself be pulled forward. "I like it too..."

"Good, then come here. I want you in a picture. I want to remember this."

George leaned in close, watching the screen to make sure he was in the picture, before pressing his

lips against one of the darker bruises. After that picture, George pulled Dream's face into his, and they kissed. The camera snapped a few images, but Dream quickly dropped his phone to make out with George fully.

Then, the doorbell rang. George pulled away after one last kiss, ignoring Dream's confusion, and slipped out of the room, before he could say anything.

Dream trusted George, though, so he reasoned that everything was okay. While he waited for whatever answers George would eventually give, he decided to review the photos he had taken.

They were heart-breakingly cute. The first ones he took of just him made him look like a desperate slut. Every pose looked like he was begging for more, which wasn't exactly inaccurate. The last ones took his breath away. George's intense, promising gaze at the camera as he claimed those marks as his own. The possessiveness of the kiss, and the stark contrast of George's clean, pale skin next to Dream's slightly more tan skin with scattered purple splashes. He kind of wanted to share them with someone, but who could he possibly show?

He suddenly realized that George couldn't even see the purple. Clearly it was showing up as something, since he had noticed and been embarrassed, but it made him a little sad that George would miss this. Did they look blue to him, like the nether portal did?

This thought process was suddenly interrupted by George's approaching footsteps. The smell of pizza wafted into the bedroom before George, so Dream knew what was coming. His stomach growled viciously, demanding to be filled immediately.

"Dinner's here!" George announced, sweeping into the room with two huge pizzas in his arms.

"How in the fuck is there pizza?" Dream asked, incredulously

George shrugged, setting the pizzas on the bed. "I figured you'd be hungry, so I ordered delivery when I was getting you water."

"God, you are so fucking amazing."

This won Dream a shy smile from George, which only made it better.

"Now, I know you're hungry, but there is something we should do before we start eating." George gestured to the towels, which meant nothing to Dream.

"We have to clean up?"

"No, silly, ice packs! For the bruising?"

"Oh. Oh! Wow, you really thought this all through."

George looked a little offended at that, scoffing as he started to gently lay the towel wrapped ice across Dream's chest. "Of course I did. What do you take me for, an amateur?"

"Well, I mean, I didn't think of that."

That earned him a kiss on the cheek, with only a touch of condescension. "That's because you're an amateur, sweetie."

"I literally am not! I've just never bruised before, giving or receiving."

"Exactly. Amateur. But that's okay! We all start from somewhere." George grabbed the last towel,



but hesitated for a moment. "Um... There is one more thing, but it is completely optional. People say that it helps with swelling, and it makes the next day easier, but it might be a bit of a strange sensation..."

"I already have ice packs all over my chest. What more could there be to help? Weed?"

"Um..." George opened and closed his mouth a few times, before he just gave up and unwrapped the towel.

Inside was a dildo, but this one looked like it was made of glass. It was about 6 or 7 inches long and relatively thin, with a small bulb on one end and flared base at the other end. It was pretty, with red swirls around the whole thing, but Dream still didn't understand.

"A dildo? How does that help with swelling?"

"Well... It's cold... No, don't worry!" George put his hands up in surrender at Dream's horrified expression. "I didn't freeze it! I'm not stupid! I just put it in the fridge for a while. You don't have to use it, of course, but I wanted to present the option. We went a little hard tonight, and this is really the only safe way to reduce swelling inside your ass."

Dream squirmed for a moment, not sure what to do. The ice packs on his chest had been soothing. After coming down from his blissed out state, the hickies were getting a bit sore. He could tell his ass was going to cause him problems later, but he didn't know how he felt about it.

"You say you've done this for other people?"

"Yeah, but again, this is not at all something I am asking you to do in a kinky way, and if you don't like it, I'll take it out"

Dream thought about it for a moment, before finally shrugging. "If I need you to take it out, I'll let you know... Wait, it's not going to break inside me, right?"

"Oh my god, no! Don't worry! It's solid."

"Okay, go ahead..."

George first helped Dream get into a good position, one where he would be able to eat but still have all the ice on him. After carefully propping him up with pillows, and putting a towel underneath him, he slid between Dream's legs.

Dream started to harden a little in anticipation.

"You're such a needy slut!" George teased, "I'm not even going to fuck you, and you're already raring to go!"

"Shut *up* , George! I can't help how much you turn me on..."

George really didn't have any way to reply to that, so he just kind of went for it. He carefully spread Dream and pushed the toy against his ass, hesitant to go any further.

"Oh, fuck! Actually, that feels *great* ."

"Yeah? You like that, baby?"

"Yeah, it's so soothing. Fuck, please, I need it!"

“Of course, Dream.” George smiled and carefully slid the toy the rest of the way inside, slowly and carefully. He allowed Dream’s body to do most of the work, and didn’t try to make it go any faster than it needed to.

“*Fuuuuuuuuuuuck* .” Dream collapsed into his support pillows, a shudder passing over his body. “I didn’t realize how much I needed that.”

“No offense, but I told you so.” George wandered away to the nearby bathroom to wash his hands.

“Listen, I don’t care how right you are.” Dream called. “You came up to me with a glass dildo and said it was cold after putting ice packs on me! I was picturing a tongue stuck to a poll, but the tongue is my ass!”

“I would never do that to you!” George looked so hurt by the accusation pouting slightly as he wandered back into the room.

“Yeah, I know. I just didn’t think it would feel like *this* . Like I seriously might have to remember this in the summertime. Might be helpful for those 100 degree plus days.”

At this point, George was used to Americans and their strangely exaggerated temperatures, so he didn’t comment on the number. “Yeah, I think it would help. You should also recommend it to your fans the next time your AC breaks. ‘Oh yeah, it’s hot, but just put a cold dildo in your ass!’”

Dream wheezed, pitching forward again and almost losing all his ice packs. “Can you fucking imagine? ‘Oh, and George gave me the idea after fucking my ass.’ The fans would actually DIE.”

George couldn’t help but laugh too. Though it also gave him pause. With everything between him and Dream, he hadn’t really considered the fans. He wasn’t going to tell them, of course, but it was weird to realize that they would be watching their budding relationship without even knowing it.

After calming down, George shoved a box of pizza into Dream’s hands. “Now, you definitely have to eat. You got a lot of recovery to do!” He grabbed the other box and threw it open for himself.

Dream ripped open the box and tore into the pizza like a wild animal. He was absolutely ravenous, and now that there was food in front of him, he couldn’t stop himself from absolutely devouring it.

George was also eating quite quickly, but he wasn’t nearly as hungry as Dream. After a couple of pieces, he got up, with a promise to return soon, and brought two huge glasses of water for them.

“You are so thoughtful, Georgie,” Dream said, between pizza and water.

“Mostly just because you can’t walk, and it’s my fault. Don’t get used to it,” George teased.

“Oh, of course not, Sir! I would never.” Dream knew that George was kidding though. He definitely teased, but in the end, he really did care about Dream’s well being, and fucking his brains out wouldn’t change that.

After finishing the food, Dream started to really feel the exhaustion. It was getting a little late, and he was feeling a little wrung out. George cleared away all the food, and Dream fought to stay awake.

George returned to Dream losing the battle, half dozing on a mound of pillows. “No, no, baby, there is one thing you have to do before you can pass out.”

“I don’t *wanna* .”

“You don’t even know what it is!”

“I don’t care. I’m *tired* .”

“Does the piss baby want to wet the bed again?”

That woke Dream up. “No!”

“Then let’s get you to the bathroom before you pass out, okay?” George helped him shed the now melty ice packs and remove the glass dildo from his ass, putting them aside to be dealt with later.

“ *Fiiiiiiiine* .” Dream threw his legs over the side of the bed once more, and George was standing next to him, just in case. Thankfully, when he stood that time, he could support his own weight, even if he was still a little wobbly.

George looped an arm under his shoulders and helped him waddle over to the toilet. When they got there, Dream blushed, and said, “Yeah I think I’ve got it from here.”

George rolled his eyes. “I just blew your back out. I’m not going to be freaked out by seeing you piss. I’ll go, but please don’t be too embarrassed to ask for help if you need it, okay?”

“Yeah, okay, but I’m pretty sure I’ve got this!” Dream’s voice pitched up a bit from the anxiety, though even he wasn’t sure why.

“Alright, alright. Just be careful.”

After relieving himself, he did a basic sink wash (knowing he was far too tired for a real shower), brushed his teeth, and stumbled back to bed. Once he got under the covers, he was out.

George took some time to clean up: tossing the ice packs back in the freezer, throwing the towels in the laundry, washing all the toys, setting them down to dry, and putting away all food. Once that was all done, he slipped back into the bedroom, greeted by the sounds of Dream snoring. In the half-light of the moon, he just stared at him, savoring every detail he could grab in the darkness. He couldn’t believe he was so lucky. He savored that thought as he slid into bed, cuddling under the covers with Dream.

## Rest Day

Dream woke up to the warm glow of the sun filling his room. He felt sore *all over*, nearly from head to toe. Every bruise, every used muscle, every tight joint, all singing arias of pain to him.

It felt amazing.

He had never thought of himself as a masochist, and maybe he still wasn't, but he knew every single beacon of pain was something George had done to him and *enjoyed*. That was something worth suffering for, especially since he didn't mind the feeling...

Maybe he was a bit of a masochist, actually?

George wasn't in the bed, but that didn't worry Dream for even a moment. There were a million potential reasons for that, and it's not like he could get anywhere, really. Dream stretched, loosening tight joints from sleeping and fucking, and grabbed at his phone. There were a lot of notifications, and he spent some time replying to texts, messages, and tweets he had gotten since he had last been online (which had probably been a long time). His eyes glanced up at the time, barely registering it for a moment, before it suddenly hit him.

He had slept for nearly 12 hours.

That made him feel terrible. George had come out to visit him, and he had slept for half a day? Some host he was. He started to push the bed clothes off of him, trying to get to wherever George was. By now, his legs had to be stable enough to walk him without help.

Before he could even try, though, the door creaked open a crack, and George's head popped through. When he saw Dream was awake, he pushed all the way in, revealing a cutting board covered in food.

"Sorry, I couldn't find a proper tray," George said, sweeping in, "You wanna get back in bed?"

"You brought me breakfast?" Dream asked, incredulously.

"Of course I did! I fucked you so hard you couldn't stand. It's the least I could do."

"But I *liked* it."

"Yeah, and I *liked* making you breakfast."

"Thank you..." Dream murmured, scooting back into bed.

The moment he was in position, George set the cutting board on his lap, before leaving the room again. He returned with another cutting board, also laden with food, and sat right beside Dream on the mattress.

"You are honestly the best," Dream murmured, still in awe at the spread before him: a huge stack of pancakes, sausages, seasoned potatoes, and toast, with syrup, butter, and jam on the side.

"Thank you." George smiled, and nudged Dream a little with his shoulder. "You deserve all this and more, sweetheart."

"Where did you even get all this? I might have had enough for pancakes, but I definitely didn't have sausages or potatoes!"

“Well, I woke up a while ago, and I figured you would be out cold for a bit, so I walked to the store and got some essentials. Couldn’t find some of the things that *I* associate with breakfast, but I figure that’s because we are in America. Thankfully, I’ve watched enough American TV to know what *you* think breakfast should be.”

Dream laughed. “I love you, Georgie.”

“I love you too. Now *eat*. ”

~~~

Dream was absolutely stuffed. He hadn’t expected George to be able to cook, let alone cook *well* , but it had been amazing. Plus, there was something really cool about your... fuck buddy(?) making you breakfast in bed. He felt ripe and content, swollen with food and bruises in the best possible way.

“So, Georgie, what are we doing today?” Dream asked, leaning back against the mounds of pillows.

“Well first, you should probably take a shower. You don’t stink or anything, but... you know. Then, I was thinking we could play games or watch movies? Up to you.” George replied, not even looking up from his phone.

“What, you’re not going to fuck me?”

George laughed, setting his phone down. “No, I’m not. We did so much yesterday, and then you slept forever and now you are all bruised and sensitive. Today is a day off.”

“But, *Georrrrrrrgeeeee* ,” Dream whined.

“No,” George insisted, eyes getting serious, “We have lots of time to fuck, but you need a day to recoop. That’s an order.”

“Yes, siiiiiir,” Dream groaned, huffing and crossing his arms.

“Dream, remember what I taught you when you were playing bedwars?”

““Obedience is obeying even when you don’t understand why,”” Dream quoted, dutifully, “But I know *why* , I just don’t *care* .”

“Baby, it would make me *really* happy if you just let me take care of you today. Can you do that for me?”

“That’s a low blow,” Dream pouted.

“I know.”

“Fiiiine. Yes, sir. No sex today.”

“Good boy! I do have one thing you might like, though...” George hinted coyly.

“What?”

“I’ll tell you later.”

~~~

Dream emerged from the shower, clean and relaxed. The water had been so soothing on his overworked muscles, and he felt refreshed. After dropping by his room to get some comfy clothes (noting that a certain someone had changed his sheets for him), he wandered into the living room, dressed in a big hoodie and sweats.

George was already on the couch, scrolling through his phone, but he set it down the moment Dream entered the room. “Hey there, pretty boy.”

Dream blushed immediately and felt a little silly for it. “Hey handsome...”

“I was thinking...”

“Yeah?”

“Well... Yesterday, I pinned your arms and denied you most of the day, so, maybe, today can be a free touch day?”

“Really?” Dream asked, fingers twitching with just the prospect of it.

“Yeah, but no sex, and I won’t have you try to convince me to break it by touching me there, okay?”

“Of course not, Sir!” Dream replied, offended (though he had thought about it), “Um... Can you take off your shirt though?”

“Yeah, of course.” George smiled, pulling it off in one smooth motion.

Dream pulled off his sweatshirt too, tossing it to the side without a thought. He guided George to lie on the couch and crawled on top of him, resting his head on George’s chest and wrapping his arms around his torso. His face nuzzled into George’s ribs, before moving lower and settling on the soft skin of his tummy. With his position found, he sighed and relaxed into the body beneath him.

“That feel good?” George asked.

“Mhm.”

“Good.”

They put on some movie, something neither of them cared about or would remember after, just noise to fill the room while they relaxed, and they lay like that for a long time. George was slightly propped up by a pillow, so he could reach down and brush his fingers across Dream’s back. Dream would not let go for the entire movie and beyond. Being free to feel George’s soft skin, to hold George like this, to be held, was not an opportunity he wanted to give up anytime soon.

George, for his part, seemed to enjoy the fact that Dream’s first response was to koala cling to him, so everything was okay.

They might have stayed like that for the entire day, but George’s phone started to ring.

“It’s Sapnap, honey.” George announced.

Dream just groaned. They had been incredibly uncommunicative for a while, basically since they started fucking. The right thing to do, as friends, was to answer and talk to him, to reassure him that they hadn’t forgotten him, but it would be so much more fun to pretend they were the only two people in the world, just so they could stay wrapped in each other for eternity.

“He doesn’t know what he’s interrupting, hon. Unless you want to tell him?” George raised an eyebrow as he said this.

Did George want to keep them hidden, or was he asking permission? Regardless, Dream wasn’t ready. “No... Not yet at least. Go ahead and answer.”

“It’s a facetime, so don’t move or make a sound, got it?”

Dream nodded into George’s stomach, gripping him tighter.

“Hey Sapnap, what’s up?”

“Don’t ‘what’s up’ me! Where have you been? Dream isn’t answering his phone, and you only just did after DAYS!”

“Sorry, I’ve been busy, and I can’t speak for what Dream is doing.”

Dream had to contain a laugh at that, pressing his mouth against George’s waist so he didn’t reveal himself.

George glared down at him. “Sorry, my cat is misbehaving.”

Dream mouthed, “Sorry!” and settled himself.

After a pause, Sapnap said, “Seriously, what the hell is going on? Like you and Dream have both been acting sus...”

“What do you mean by ‘sus?’” George asked, coolly. (How George managed to keep so calm, Dream would never know.)

“Like suspicious! Like something is happening that you don’t want me to know!”

George leaned his head back and sighed (feeling a little bad). “Nothing is going on. Just... bad timing.”

“Are you too busy to hang out right now?”

“Um... I might be?”

“What does that even mean?!” Sapnap was clearly getting so exasperated, and it was making them both feel awful.

“Let me check something, hold on.” George didn’t even give Sapnap a chance to respond before pausing the call. “Dream? Do you think we could...?”

“Yeah...” Dream sighed, “I suppose so. But I want to be close to you, if possible.”

“Of course.” George leaned down and kissed Dream on the crown of his head, before flipping the call back on. “Alright, Sapnap, let’s hang out! I’m sorry for the delay. The thing I thought was

today is actually tomorrow.”

“Is someone at your place right now?” Sapnap asked, eyes narrowing.

“No, there is no one at my place right now.” George wasn’t even lying.

“Alright... Can you get Dream on board? Because he has not been replying to me.”

“I think Dream will reply to you this time. He messaged me a minute ago saying he just woke up.”

“I still think y’all are acting real sus...”

George shrugged. “I don’t know what to tell you.” That was also true.

“Whatever. Join the VC in like 5 minutes?”

“Sounds good! Later.”

“Later.” With that, Sapnap hung up.

George let out a huge sigh. “Sapnap’s right, you know.”

“What do you mean?”

“We are acting ‘real sus.’”

“Do you mean in the gay way or the suspicious way?”

George rolled his eyes. “Both, obviously! We kind of dropped off the face of the planet after that night...”

“Yeah... I guess so. But I would much rather be here with you than dealing with any other part of the planet.”

“That’s really sweet, Dream, but also impossible.”

“I know.” Dream let out a huge breath against George’s stomach. “I guess this means I need to get up?”

“For now.”

“Fiiiiine.”

~~~

Twenty minutes later, they were in a bedwars lobby. Both of them begged off of a stream (despite their fans wanting), because they weren’t sure how they were going to act around other people. Sapnap seemed to appreciate some one on one time, though, so it worked out.

George and Dream figured out a system to keep touching each other, too. Since they weren’t streaming, neither of them needed to use a PC. Dream was on his stomach, laptop in front of him, and George was leaning against Dream’s body, laptop resting on his thighs. It wasn’t perfect, since they couldn’t be wrapped around each other, but it was the best they could do while still playing.

Everything started normally. After a healthy amount of (awkward) teasing about their suspicious behavior, all was forgiven. Sapnap really wasn't one to hold a grudge, and they both apologized profusely (and meant it), so the weirdness wasn't going to last.

They had been working together for so long that they just fell back into it, and since they felt bad for accidentally ignoring Sapnap, they let him get away with a *lot*. They were a well-oiled machine, and though they didn't always win, they always worked together, with Sapnap leading the charge.

Eventually, though, George stopped feeling as bad and started to take the lead more and more, giving commands and pushing them to win every time. Sapnap seemed fine with it, and Dream... Well, Dream was fine with it too.

It started to build slowly, so slowly that no one noticed. Sapnap would argue against George's decisions when he thought they were stupid, and Dream did too, at first, but then... he just didn't. Suddenly, he was following George's orders to the letter, even if he thought he might have a better idea.

He recognized immediately what was happening, now that he knew what it was and had done it before, and it didn't bother him. It was a lot better when George took over and told him what to do. No thoughts, only act.

If George noticed, he didn't say anything, probably afraid to draw attention to it in front of Sapnap.

Sapnap was starting to notice though. "Dream, what the hell? You thought it was good to run with George to mid, even when you *knew* I was going for pink? Now our bed has been destroyed! Do you just do *everything* George tells you now?"

"No!" Dream retorted defensively, "It seemed like a good idea at the time!"

"I literally *just* told you to guard the bed so that I could take on pink!"

"And George needed my help."

Sapnap's irritation exploded beyond words, and he just made frustrated sounds for a while.

Finally, George said, "It's just a game, why do you have to be mad?" which made him and Dream laugh, much to Sapnap's annoyance.

"Seriously, what is up with you guys?"

"Nothing! Sorry," George mollified, "We're just teasing. Messing around with you. That's all."

"Yeah, sure."

George made an effort after that to not phrase things as commands, but Dream was pretty deep in it by then. At one point, George said, "God, we are so far behind, I might as well tell Dream to throw his stuff over the edge and die!"

Thankfully Sapnap didn't see when Dream did *exactly that*, dying permanently as their bed had been destroyed.

"Oh fuck, and now Dream has fallen off? How did that happen?"

"George-"

“I saw it happen. He got distracted and walked off. Right, Dream?” George interjected, realizing they were dangerously close to revealing themselves.

“Yeah, sorry. I was checking twitter.” Dream’s voice was getting a little monotonous.

“Well, Sapnap, it’s been so lovely playing with you, but I think we’ve got to go. Dream sounds exhausted and it’s getting late for me here.”

“Uh... Yeah... Sounds good. You guys suck today anyway. Wanna try again soon?” Sapnap sounded a little dejected, and it hurt.

“I really am so sorry, Sapnap. I didn’t mean to get so busy and distracted, but Dream and I still love you.” George gently nudged Dream in the ribs.

“Yeah! Of course we love our SapitusNapitus! Things have just been... Weird.” Dream sounded a bit more cognizant for that one, and George relaxed a bit.

“Yeah, I get it,” Sapnap replied, sounding relieved, “Thanks for explaining, and I love you guys too! Have a good night, sleep well!”

“You too!” George said, ending the call.

“Night, Sapnap!” Dream ended his call too.

“Dream, you fell into subspace?” George demanded frantically.

“Yeah, I guess so. I’m sorry. Was I not supposed to?” Dream felt a little bad, and he worried that he had done something wrong.

“No, no, baby, it’s okay, honestly. You just worried me for a moment. You have to tell me if it happens like that. You almost gave us away...”

“About that... Do we have to hide it? Like from the fans, of course, but from Sapnap?”

“We’ll tell him, of course! But... I kind of liked having you all to myself,” George admitted.

“Me too.”

“Guess that spell has been broken, though,” George sighed.

“Yeah, I guess so. But it was going to break eventually, like you said. We can’t hide forever.”

“Yeah, but I wanted to.”

“So did I.” Dream huffed into the bed and stretched. “I feel bad for cutting Sapnap out though...”

“Yeah, we should probably tell him soon.”

“Not right now, though, cause I gotta pee.” Dream gently nudged George’s body, and George got up to let him go.

When he got back, he heard George whispering something frantically, and someone was replying, though he couldn’t really hear either. He pushed the door open.

“Now is *really* not a good time. Can I call you later?” George was hissing into his phone as Dream entered the room.

“Georgie?” Dream called, “Is everything alright?”

George flipped around, face blanching immediately. “Uhhh...”

Dream started to freak out for a moment, wondering if George had another sub and suddenly realizing they had never promised each other monogamy. What if George had someone else that he didn’t want to give up? Dream was gearing up for a healthy spiral, when the person on the phone said something.

“Dream?!” It was Sapnap. Of course it was.

“Oh...” Dream’s anxiety suddenly dropped off, only to swirl right back up again. “Oh!”

George sighed, covering his face with his hands. “I told you it was a bad time, Sapnap.”

“What the *hell* are you and Dream doing in the same place?” Sapnap asked, incredulously.

“Uh, well, actually...” Dream began, but he really didn’t know how to finish or how much information to give. He looked to George helplessly. George had stricter boundaries than him anyway.

“We just decided to meet up finally,” George answered quietly.

“Bull *shit*. You guys have been weird for *weeks*, then you both start hanging out just the two of you all the time, and now you're in the same place? What’s going on?”

“Nothing bad!” Dream interjected anxiously.

“I assumed it wasn’t *bad*, but I don’t know why you won’t *tell* me.”

“Dream, do you want to talk to him,” George asked, gesturing to the phone.

“Is it facetime?”

“Yeah.”

“Won’t he...?” Dream couldn’t finish the sentence out loud, so he just gestured to the necklace of hickeys that peeked out from the hoodie.

“It’s a quick answer to the question, unless you want to *say* it. I think it’s time.”

“Will someone tell me what’s going on?” Sapnap’s voice crackled out of the speaker, impatiently.

“Yeah, hold on.” Dream strode the final few steps, putting on the fake confidence he used for everything he did, and took the phone. George turned it to the side for a moment, to give him a kiss on the cheek, and then held his empty hand, while Dream used the other to turn the phone to face him. “Alright, hey, Sapnap.”

“Hey Dream, now are you gonna tell me what’s g-” Sapnap’s words were cut off as his eyes bounced down for just a second, gaze probably drawn by the contrasting color. “Wait... Is that...? Are those...?”

Dream literally couldn’t speak for embarrassment (and arousal for some reason?) He felt the heat rise in his cheeks, until he could see that his entire face had become bright red. He leaned into it though, and tipped the camera down, letting it peek into the hoodie to reveal a hint of how deep the bruising went.

“Jesus fucking Christ.” Sapnap fell back in his chair, “That’s... Wow... You guys really...? Wait, George did *that* ?!”

“Yeah, I did.” George smiled at Dream, leaning against his shoulder.

“I mean, fucking finally, but also I never thought you would *actually* ...”

“Wait, what do you mean ‘finally?’” Dream asked, a little peeved.

“What do *I* mean? Y’all have *been* flirting, and it was just getting more and more intense. It was gonna become something eventually, at least we all thought so. Remember that ‘do what I say’ stream? I was sure you guys were gonna fuck *that night* .” Sapnap laughed, so clearly amused by their obliviousness.

Dream and George looked at each other, but neither wanted to tell Sapnap he was a little right about the stream. Instead, George said, “Wait, who’s ‘we?’”

“The whole SMP? The fans? The entire world, basically?”

“Yeah, but that’s just shipping. People didn’t think we were *actually* going to... do anything, did they?” George looked a little nervous.

“Maybe not the fans, but the SMP members...”

“What?!”

“I mean, come on, George. You both were a little sus the whole time.”

“Oh God.” George covered his face with his hands. “Please don’t tell anyone, Sapnap.”

“Tell anyone what? That you and Dream are together or whatever, or that George likes to leave hickeys?” Sapnap teased.

“Neither! We haven’t talked about how to tell people or not... Not that we would tell them about either of our... interests.”

“No, of course I’m not going to out you guys. That would be so shitty. I’m happy you finally figured something out, and you definitely seem to be enjoying yourselves. I just also have to make fun of you! I mean, I was kind of freaked out by the way Dream was acting tonight, which is why I called, but I think this explains it.”

“Whatever, Sapnap, you know you would love to get some love bites from Gogy,” Dream cooed, leaning his head back to reveal stretches of purpled skin.

“Oh. My God. No. That’s all yours, dude!”

“Or maybe you’d prefer if Dream did it to you?” George added, grinning maniacally, “You do flirt with him all the time...”

“Okay, well I’m actually going to hang up now. Sorry for disturbing your love nest. Enjoy partaking of ‘the gay,’ as Dream would say. Later dudes.”

“Bye, Sapnap,” George and Dream said in unison.

“That’s one way to get him off the phone,” Dream giggled.

“God, that boy can give it, but he sure cannot take it,” George laughed.

“I can take it, though.”

“Yes, Dream, you sure can.”

~~~

The rest of the night was pretty chill. They texted Sapnap more, explaining the situation, and, through that text chain, finally had the conversation about what they were to each other. It took all of ten seconds for them to decide to be boyfriends. George reassured Dream that there was no one else, and Dream did the same.

They didn’t tell Sapnap about their dynamic, mostly because he wouldn’t want to know, but they did admit to being a couple, though he had pretty much figured that out.

Over the course of the night, completely wrapped in each other’s arms, they came out as a couple to each person they thought needed to know, one by one. Literally no one was surprised, and, though they got a lot of congratulations, they also got a lot of people who asked, “Weren’t you dating before?”

After getting that all out of the way, they sank into the couch together and watched filler as they just enjoyed each other’s embrace, and everything was perfect.

# Epilogue

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream was tied down. This was nothing new, actually. Dream often found himself bound in some way. That day, however, he wasn't tied to the bed. They had found a stool that was the perfect height for Dream to sit on, letting his feet touch the ground, even when restrained. George had handcuffed Dream's arms and ankles to the legs of the stool and left him there, straight-backed, exposed, spread, and stuck. The stool itself was attached to a special weighted anchor George had made for it, so it wouldn't topple or scoot away. All of this, they had done before.

That day was special because Dream was blindfolded.

They had been talking about it off and on for a while. Dream had expressed his interest in it, but also his fear and reservation. Being exposed and unable to witness was terrifying, even in the hands of someone he trusted so completely. Also, he didn't know how he could manage without seeing George's face during the intense parts.

Finally, though, the interest in trying had overcome his anxiety, and there they were.

Dream was wearing nothing but a pair of underwear, and George... Well, Dream didn't know what George was doing. After immobilizing him and covering his eyes, George had wandered off, maybe to their bedroom or maybe to his stream room. Dream had no way of knowing. George loved to keep him waiting like this, though, normally, Dream would be able to tell what direction George would return from.

Dream's ears perked up at every sound, but mostly it was just Robert and Patches playing with each other or running around. Occasionally, there would be a sound he might have attributed to George, but no one approached for a long while.

Suddenly, something brushed across his shoulder blades, and he tensed, shivering with delicious tingles and fear of the unknown.

"How did you sneak up on me, Sir?" Dream asked.

"I have my ways, baby. Who's to say I ever left you?"

George's voice was like heaven, especially in Dream's current state. He sighed and relaxed, just so happy to know that George was near.

"Aw, baby, you are so easy to please," George murmured, now on the other side of Dream.

Dream wasn't sure how he was supposed to respond, so he just smiled. Every part of his body wanted to reach out and find George, to *touch* him, but yearning didn't break through bindings. If it did, their play sessions would be a lot less fun.

"You seem to lean towards wherever my voice comes from... Are you that desperate for me, slut?"

"Always, Sir. I'm always desperate for you," was Dream's immediate reply, even if he hadn't noticed the tilting himself.

"Such a good boy for me."

George sounded far away by that point, and Dream let out a soft whimper.

“Oh, Dreeeeaaaaammmmm. Where am I?”

George’s voice was low, and it drew Dream in. He could feel himself leaning that time, trying to pull himself into it. Another shiver went down his spine.

“Dreeeeaaaaammmmm...” George’s voice was closer now, but it was moving in a circle. He wasn’t actually going towards Dream, just around him.

“Master, please...” Dream begged.

“Dreeeeeeeeeeaaaaammm.” George had moved completely to the other side of him now, but had gotten farther away in the process.

“Please, Sir, please!!”

Suddenly, he could tell that George was right behind him. “Dreeaamm,” he murmured, right into Dream’s ear.

Dream shuddered and *whined* needily. “Sir, I can’t take it...”

“What can’t you take, baby?” George asked Dream’s other ear.

“Touch me, Sir, please!” Dream was really fighting the cuffs by that point. He could almost feel the heat from George’s skin on his back, so close, but just out of reach, and he *needed* it.

“Oh, you want me to *touch* you?” George asked, moving to stand in front of Dream, “But it’s so much more fun to watch you squirm, baby!”

“Please, Sir, I’ve been good, I’ve been so good! I’ve sat here and waited so patiently!”

“Hmmm... You have been so patient, that’s true... I guess I could...”

Dream leaned forward, trying to make it as easy as possible for George to reach him.

“Make you wait a little longer.” George was grinning. Dream could hear it in his voice.

“You’re so mean to me, Sir,” Dream pouted.

“I know, but you love it, don’t you?”

Dream refused to reply, instead pouting to the fullest and imagining his arms crossed, though he couldn’t move them.

“Answer me, slut,” George demanded, voice stern, “or I won’t touch you for the rest of the day.”

It was an empty threat, and Dream knew it. George would have to release him at some point, and that required touching. It didn’t matter though, the threat was enough. “You’re right, Sir, I do love it. I love to be needy for you! Anything to make you feel good!”

“There’s my good boy.”

A hand pressed against his throat. It wasn’t even close to cutting off circulation, but it could, and it was *George* touching him. Dream tipped forward, practically purring. “Thank you, Sir.”

“Such a naughty boy! Thanking me for a hand around your neck? You really will take anything I give you, won’t you?”

“Yes, Master. Everything you give me is a gift.”

“Well, in that case...”

Suddenly, George was kissing him. Sparks shot through Dream’s entire body, and he pitched forward even more, desperate to feel more of it. George’s lips had quickly become one of Dream’s favorite things. They were the sweetest part of him, always there to soothe the aches and pains, to give comfort during hard times.

When George finally pulled away, Dream was already panting. “Thank you, Sir. You are so good to me.”

“Are you getting hard already?” George asked, with a touch of excitement.

“You turn me on, Sir.”

“You are such a wonderful fuck toy, you know. Honestly, I think you are easier to turn on than a vibrator!”

Dream couldn’t help but blush at that. George was always making fun of him for his sex drive, or how one little thing would get him hard and wanting. George, of course, loved it, but it could be a little embarrassing how easy it was for George to do this to him. “Only for you, Sir.”

This earned him a hand cupping his cheek, and a thumb gently stroking his face. “Good boy.”

“Thank you, Master.”

With that, George pulled away, and Dream resisted the urge to whine. There was such a thing as *too* needy.

George made his footsteps loud and circled Dream, dancing closer and closer to him, but never quite touching. Occasionally, he would lean into Dream’s ear and whisper something delicious, something sinful, and Dream’s head would fall back, his eyes would roll, and he would whimper for his Master.

Just as George liked it.

Suddenly, a phone rang, and George wandered away to answer it. “It’s Sapnap,” he called, “I’ll just tell him you’re busy, okay?”

“Yeah, sounds good!”

“Hey, Sapnap. No, he’s busy right now... I’m telling you he’s busy... Do you really need to speak to him *right now*, or are you exaggerating...? Okay... But I really tried to warn you...”

Dream heard George walk back into the room, and Sapnap speaking unintelligibly from through the speakers.

“Hey, Sapnap. What’s up?” Dream asked, hoping he was addressing the phone.

“Hey, Dream, I just wanted to ask if- Oh. Oh! *That’s* what you meant. Um... Wow... Anyway... It’s not that important... Just... Call me back whenever, okay?”



“Will do, Sap. Have a good one!” Dream couldn’t help but grin. George tried to warn him, but for some reason, Sapnap didn’t believe it unless Dream said it (or showed it to him).

“You too, though I guess you already are...”

“If I didn’t know better, I would think you are ignoring my warnings on purpose, Sapnap,” George teased as he walked out of the room.

“Oh my god, no! I just really thought you were trying to have some alone time, like clothed alone time, and denying me my friend!” Sapnap’s rebuttal was so earnest that Dream could hear it, even as it got farther and farther away.

“Uh huh. Sureeeee. Listen, if you want in, all you have to do is ask!”

“God, George, sometimes I wish he hadn’t fucked you. You’re so... bold now.”

“Except that *I* fucked *him* .”

“Jesus Christ, I’m actually hanging up. Bye!” With that, the line went dead, and George’s footsteps got close again.

“You are such a tease, G- Sir.”

“Careful, baby. A call from our nosy friend doesn’t end the scene, does it?”

“No, Sir.”

“That’s what I thought.” George circled Dream a few times, purposefully making noise so Dream would know.

Finally, there was a hand caught in his hair. Just that alone had Dream moaning, and George yanked his head to the side, exposing his neck, before leaning down and sinking his teeth in.

To go from nothing to so much, so quickly, was enough to drive Dream wild. He cried out with abandon, squirming as much as his bindings would allow.

“How was that, baby?” George murmured into his neck, kissing the newly forming bruise.

“M-more, please...”

“That good, huh?”

“Y-yes, S-sir.”

George yanked his head the other way, being sure to tug on the strands a little extra until Dream yelped for him, and sank his teeth in the other side, stretching the neck a little extra far. Dream’s breath sputtered out, and he pressed into it as best he could.

Hands gripped either side of his head, pulling him back, so his skull was perpendicular to his spine, and George kissed him aggressively, bruisingly. Dream couldn’t help but savor it. He loved it all.

Then George let go suddenly and started circling him again. Dream straightened himself and followed his Master with his head, body drifting from side to side, as if Dream could reach him.

George stopped behind him, brushing fingers along his back for a moment. Dream shuddered, tilting towards him. The fingers became nails, scratching into his skin, and Dream sucked in a

breath through his teeth.

“Harder, please, Sir.”

“Well, since you asked so nicely...” George scratched again, harder and deeper, making Dream wriggle in place.

“Ahhhhh! Thank you, Master!”

Once more, George ran nails down Dream’s back, slower this time, with purpose. This elicited the most delicious, halting moan to bubble from Dream’s lips, and he fell back into George’s body as he stopped.

For a heavenly moment, George draped his arms on Dream’s chest, squeezing him into a slight hug, before he pulled away again.

“Master, *please*, stop teasing!” Dream whined despite himself.

George grabbed Dream’s chin in his hand, pushing his head back cruelly. “I’ll tease for as long as I want, whore.”

“Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir.”

The hand on his neck pulled away, and Dream’s head dropped forward.

George walked away after that. “I just remembered I have something to do, baby. I’ll be back in a bit.”

Dream bit his tongue to keep from whimpering again. He would beg when George wanted him to beg, or else he would get nothing at all. It was not the first time George had kept him waiting, and it was better that he did it now than when Dream was mere seconds away from coming.

He had to learn patience.

So he waited, in complete silence, for what felt like years. To occupy time, he tried to think of video ideas he and George could do together (ones that wouldn’t have him subbing like the little bitch he was).

Eventually, footsteps approached him, but he knew better than to say anything. He waited, silent and patient, until George decided to address him.

“You are *such* a good boy. You learn *so* quickly, baby.” George’s voice was right in front of Dream now, but this time, he resisted the urge to lean.

“Thank you, Sir. I would do anything for you.”

“I know you would, sweetie. I know.” With that, George crawled into Dream’s lap, and he was completely naked. His soft skin and warm body pressed against Dream everywhere, and it was almost too much. For a moment, Dream couldn’t even *breathe*, until he finally remembered how.

“T-t-thank y-you, S-sir!” Dream panted, trying to get air into his lungs as he desperately tried to show George how much he liked it.

He could feel George’s body tense with worry. “You alright, baby? Do you need a moment?”

“I’m just so h-happy to t-touch you.” Dream managed, breathing getting a little more steady.

George wrapped his arms around Dream, holding him close and gently shushing him. "It's okay, sweetie, even when I'm not touching you, I'm right here, okay?"

"I know, Sir."

"Check in?"

"I'm so green, Sir. I'm greener than anything has ever been."

George laughed, such an amazing sound. "Okay, baby. Just checking."

Dream felt a kiss on his cheek and he grinned. "Even when you're bad, you're so good to me."

"I try," George grunted, pulling himself off of Dream.

"Sir, *please* ?"

"Not quite yet baby. I want you to be absolutely *gone* first."

Dream felt pretty gone already, but didn't question any further.

George spent some time circling Dream again, slowly, taunting him with thudding footsteps. Occasionally, he would reach out and run fingers somewhere: across his chest, down his side, on his back, and around his entire waist. Every touch had Dream twitching, trying to keep from collapsing into George's arms.

Then, George's fingernails were at the base of his skull. They scratched their way from the back of his neck, up his scalp, through his hair, all the way to his temples. The sound that Dream made was barely human, so obscene and wanton that George gasped.

"Oh, was that good?" George asked innocently.

"Yes, Sir, it was *amazing* ," Dream breathed.

George did it again, savoring the sputtered moan that slipped out of Dream as he did. "You are *so* fun to play with, baby."

"T-thank you, Sir. I'm s-so happy to p-please you," Dream stammered.

George's lips pressed against Dream's ear, kissing for a moment, before whispering, "You are such a good boy, Dream. So good for me. Perfect."

All Dream could do was sigh, leaning into the kiss, and try not to beg for more. He was going absolutely wild.

"I think you're ready," George announced.

"Ready for what, Sir?"

"This." George crawled back into Dream's lap and wrapped around him, pressing their skin together. This time however, he started to roll his hips, pushing into Dream's fully erect cock, which was straining to free itself from his boxers.

"Ah, Master, thank you!" Dream cried, bucking up against sensation.

George was kissing him then, leaving wet trails across all of his skin. The smooches quickly

became biting, and Dream threw his head back to give George easier access.

George's hand trailed down Dream's stomach, getting closer and closer to his dick, but not quite touching it for a long time. It ghosted around it, across his tummy, around his thighs, once even tracing around it's hard outline in Dream's underwear, until Dream was absolutely wrecked with need, so wanting that he couldn't even ask for what he craved. He could only thrust up uselessly, trying to get *some* stimulation.

Finally, George ran a finger down the entire length, sending a shudder through him. Dream bucked beneath George involuntarily, begging with his entire body.

George's cock was rolling between them, uncontained and brushing against Dream's stomach as they bounced together. George took it in his hand and pressed it against Dream's, still trapped in his boxers, rubbing them against each other.

"Oh, yes, Master, YES!" Dream groaned, his hips twitching up despite himself.

"You've been so good today, even with the interruption and the punishments. The blindfold makes it so hard, doesn't it baby?"

"Yes, ah!, yes, Sir, it, oh!, does. It makes it, mmm, so HARD!!" Dream's pitch and tone kept changing as they rubbed against each other, especially as George ran his finger along the slit, getting the fabric damp.

"But you did so well, even with how hard it was to not see me, didn't you?"

"I- I tr-ried my b-best, *ohhhhh* , Sir!"

George was starting to get close, having been driven wild by tormenting Dream for so long, and he could tell that Dream was getting close too. Soon, Dream would-

"Oh, Master, please, *please* , can I cum for you? I don't care if I ruin these boxers, let me cum, *please* ?"

"Oh, I dunno," George groaned, barely keeping his own orgasm at bay, "Should I let you cum?"

"Please, Sir, I'll do *anything* , anything you want! Just let me cum!"

"Anything?"

"Anything!"

"Alright, then, kiss me, baby. Kiss me, and you will be allowed to cum."

It was such an easy request, one that Dream was more than happy to follow. He fell forward until he caught George's lips, letting him lead. George was still bouncing up and down, so he had to hold Dream's head to keep the kiss steady. His motions got jerky and uncoordinated as he got closer, and Dream started to quiver beneath him.

George kissed across Dream's cheek and up his neck, until he was at Dream's ear. After nibbling the ear lobe for a moment, he whispered, "Cum for me, slut. Show me what I do to you, so needy you can't help but jizz into your pants."

"Anything for you, Sir." Dream thrust up, matching George's friction and finally letting himself be lost in it.

They came together, Dream into his underwear, and George all over Dream's chest and cloth-covered crotch. It hit them both like a train, so powerful from denial and wanting. Dream especially was trembling with it, trying not to collapse from the weight of it all.

George held him close as their orgasms passed over them, brushing Dream's hair and shushing him softly, until Dream returned to himself.

"Wow, Sir," Dream panted, "That was a good one!"

"Yeah, that was a lot of fun!" George was gasping for breath too, and Dream could hear the grin in his words..

Dream leaned his head on George's chest, trying to catch his breath. "Intense though."

"Yeah, definitely! Now, I'm going to get off of you, but it's only so I can start setting you free okay?"

"Okay."

George gently peeled himself off Dream, standing on slightly wobbly legs, but he kept a hand on Dream's shoulder, so he would know George was still there. Once he was steady and upright, he carefully tugged the blindfold off, slowly enough that Dream would have time to adjust to the light.

Dream blinked a few times, trying to handle suddenly being able to see. His eyes met George's and immediately, they softened. "Hey there."

"Hi." George smiled, running his fingers from Dream's temple to his chin. He lived for those little moments, where Dream would just *see* him, and a light would shine from inside. It felt good.

He started to undo the hand cuffs, arms first, then legs, being extra careful to help hold Dream up as his supports fell away. Once he was sure Dream would be able to remain upright, he stood.

"Now that you're free, what do you call me?" George asked.

"*George*," Dream whispered, and grabbed the man in front of him around the waist, resting his head on George's bare stomach.

"Hey, Dream. How are you feeling?"

"Mmmmmm," Dream hummed, nuzzling into George's tummy. He now had free reign over physical contact, and that was all he wanted to do.

George couldn't help but be a little touched. They had been at this for a good while now, but Dream always wanted to have George in his arms like this, even when they weren't doing deprivation play. He leaned into the embrace, resting an arm on Dream's shoulders and running a hand through his hair.

Dream practically purred, squeezing even tighter. Sometimes he went a little non-verbal at the end of an intense scene, so George just held him, waiting for his wits to return.

After a few minutes, Dream mumbled into skin, "Love you, George."

"I love you too. Now, come on, let's get you into a position that's better for your back, okay?"

"Sounds good." Dream held out a hand and let himself be pulled up and guided. First step was a quick shower, then comfy pants (no shirts needed), and then to the couch.

George lay back on the cushions, propping himself up as he always did, and Dream clamored up his legs, curling back into his favorite place: George's belly. He cuddled in, looping his arms around and pulling George into him. Once he settled, he let out a sigh, and relaxed.

Despite all the signs, George hadn't expected Dream to be *so* clingy, but, thankfully, he liked it. If there was one thing Dream could do, it was make someone feel loved. (There were actually a lot of things Dream could do, but that was besides the point.)

It also helped that George liked to pet. There was something so soothing about this part of their routine. Dream would half-doze on George's tummy, and George would run his fingers through Dream's hair absentmindedly. He felt at his most calm when he could brush his fingers back and forth across some part of Dream's body, and Dream was at his most calm when George was touching him.

They lay like that for about an hour, not even using their phones, just being, relaxing, savoring. It was the best part of their day.

Eventually, though, they had to be people in the real world again. Dream stretched and sighed. "I should probably see what Sapnap was trying to talk to me about."

"Yeah, and I still have to edit that video."

"Gosh, George, you are so slow to edit! I managed to get my video out on time, and I was rather tied up the day before!"

"Watch it, Dreamy," George teased, grinning, but with an evil glint in his eye, "Don't make me tie you down again. I'll leave you there until I finish the video, ignoring you completely." He slid a single finger under Dream's chin, lifting it and forcing their eyes to meet.

"I'll be good, Georgie," Dream replied, faking terror. He knew George would never be able to ignore him that long, and he could tell the difference between a threat and mockery by that point.

"I know you will be."

Dream climbed the rest of the way up George's body, aiming for a kiss, which George happily obliged. After passionately making out for a little while, Dream breathlessly lifted himself off the couch to find his phone. George went the opposite direction, to the editing/stream room.

Even as they started to disappear into their separate rooms, they both looked back in unison, eyes meeting, and smiled, before mouthing, "I love you," and slipping out of sight.

## Chapter End Notes

Just in case you didn't catch that, they are, in fact, living together by this point. :)

Also, thank you much to everyone to all your support and wonderful comments! This has been such a wonderful journey, and I appreciate you coming along with me!

Feedback is always appreciated, so please, let me know what you thought!! <3  
,

Don't worry, I have a lot of other fun stuff planned. >:)

## End Notes

Hey! I have a Twitter now! Or, rather I had one, but I just never used it until recently.

You can check me out at [@Anoa Rayne](#)! Messages/comments/replies welcome! 😊  
Warning! It's NSFW!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!